ERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

March 20¢

FEB 11 1952

LIZ TAYLOR DOES IT AGAIN!

by hedda hopper

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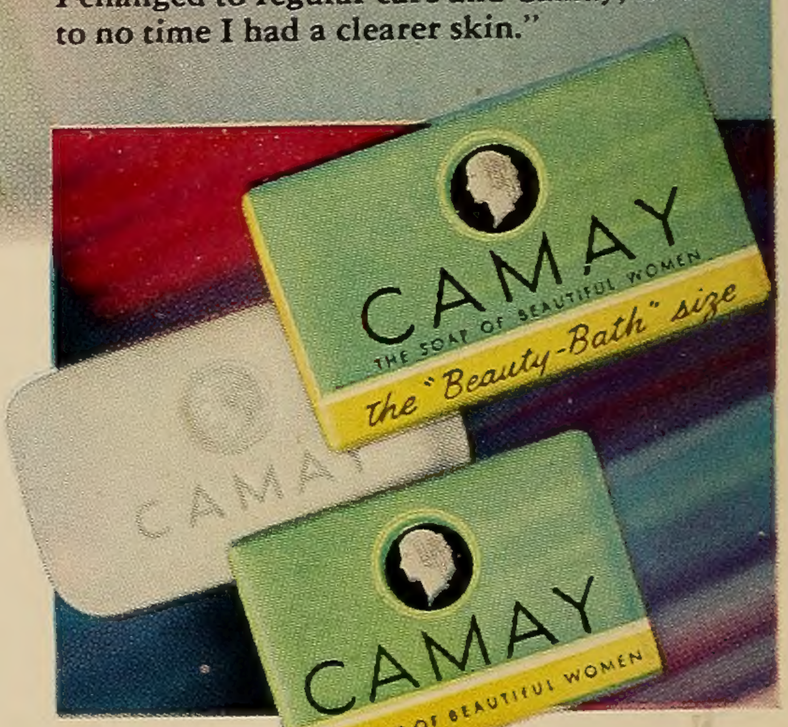
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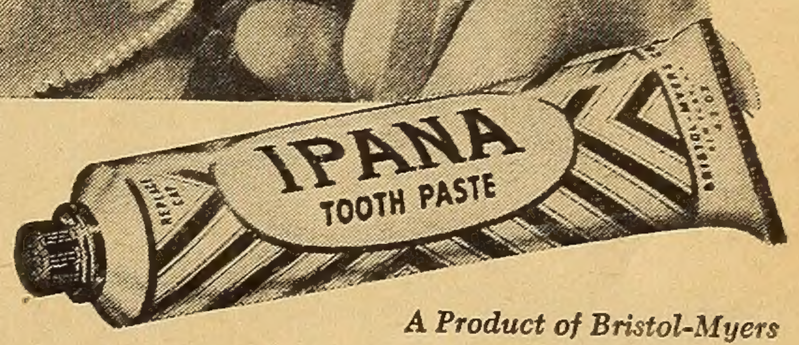
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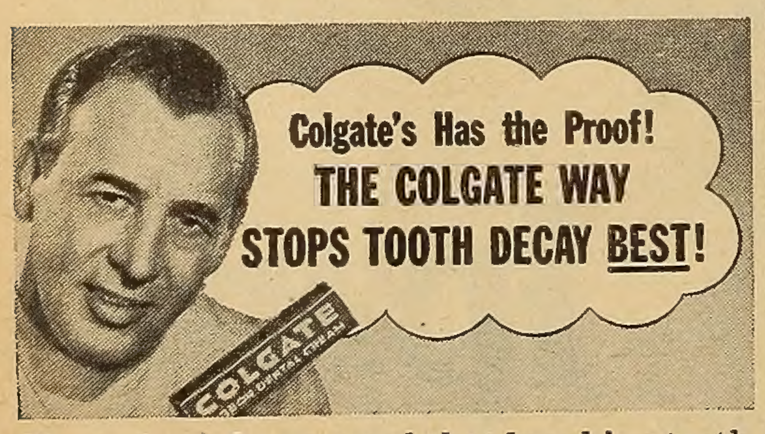
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MARCH, 1952

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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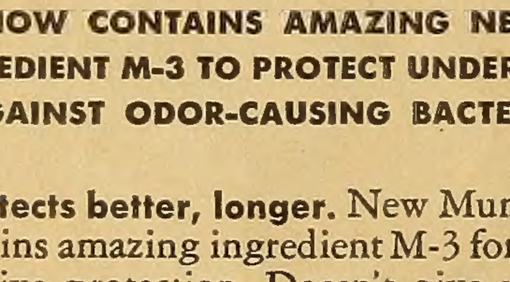
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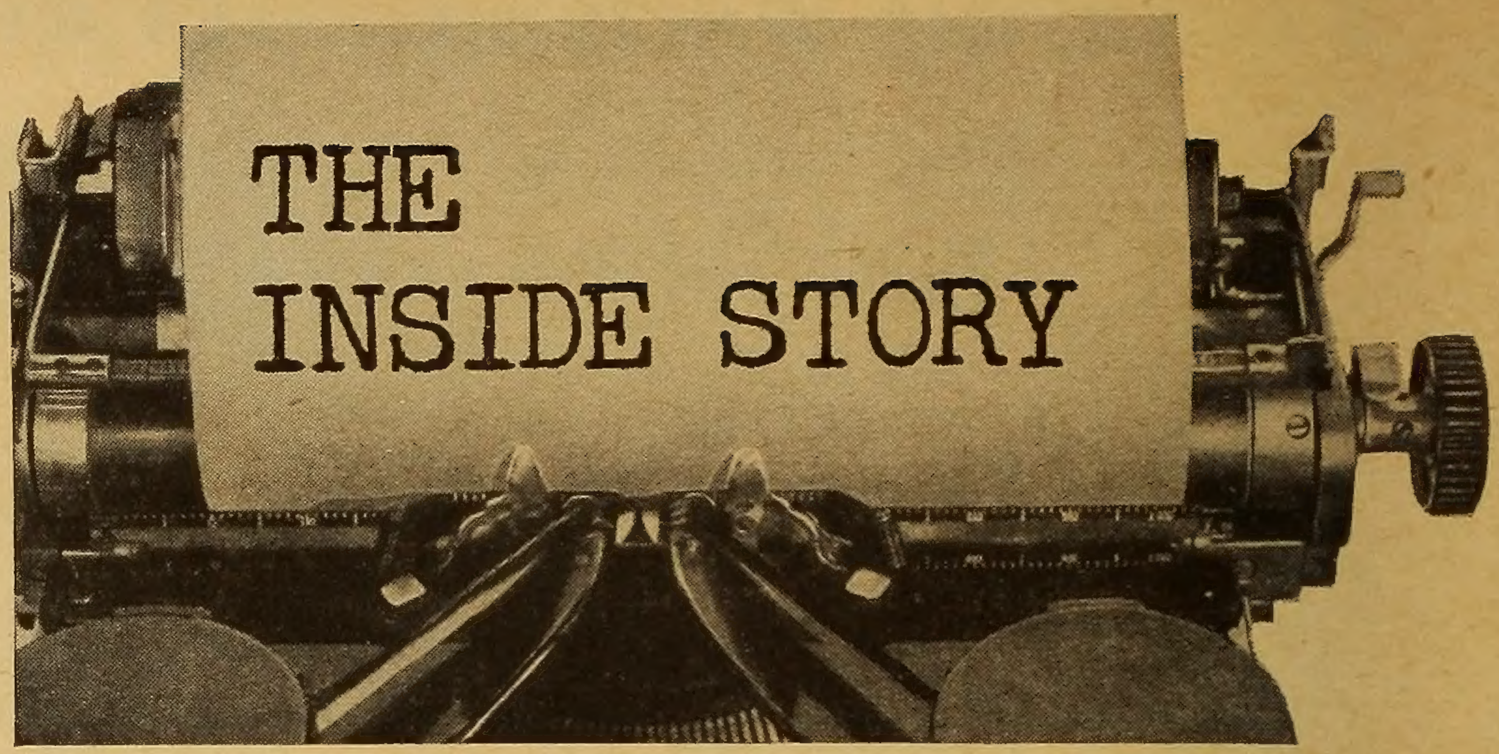
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. My mother tells me she saw Joan Crawford in motion pictures 30 years ago at which time she was in love with a director named Woody Van Dyke. Is this true and with whom is Joan in love now?—E. D., New York, N. Y.

A. *Joan Crawford made her motion picture debut in 1926. Her first film was directed by Woody Van Dyke. These two were never in love. At the moment of this writing, Joan has no particular love interest.*

Q. Why did June Allyson change her name from Jan to June? Isn't it true that she's really 35 years old and once worked as Betty Hutton's understudy?
—C. T., Dover, Del.

A. *Miss Allyson thought that Jan was too masculine a name. She changed it to June when she began to look for theatrical work on Broadway. The name-change apparently brought her good luck as she was hired to understudy Betty Hutton in* Panama Hattie. *June Allyson was born on October 7th, 1924.*

Q. Is it true that Alan Ladd refuses to pose for pictures with his son by a first marriage? If it isn't, why don't we ever see such pictures in Modern Screen?
—K. F., Norwalk, Conn.

A. *See Louella Parsons' Good News in this issue.*

Q. I understand that Tony Curtis has developed a swelled head now that he's tasted a little fame. Is this on the level? —H. J., Topeka, Kan.

A. *Curtis is still extremely cooperative with all members of the press. In some quarters his new-found self confidence is being misinterpreted as conceit. Actually, it is impossible to become successful in Hollywood without undergoing some very definite personality changes.*

Q. Does Janet Leigh ever run into either of her two ex-husbands, and does she still deny they exist?
—T. Y., Merced, Cal.

A. *Janet has never denied her two previous marriages, never has run into her two previous husbands.*

Q. Is it true that child actresses last longer in the movies than child actors? If so, why is it?
—B. F., Louisville, Ky.

A. *It's true largely because it is easier to find story material for young growing girls than for young growing boys. Latest child star to have his career threatened by adolescence is Claude Jarman, Jr.*

Q. Why do so many stars hire press agents in January and February?
—U. O., Chicago, Ill.

A. *The Academy Awards are given out in March.*

Q. Does Betty Grable plan on having any more children?
——G. F., Medina, Tenn.

A. *No.*

Q. Is it true that Dale Robertson's mother gave him the family savings so that he could crash Hollywood. How much money does it take to crash the movie business?
—C. J., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A. *Dale's mother gave him $10,000. His two aunts gave him another $10,000. There is no fixed sum necessary to crash Hollywood. One needs money to live on, however, before the lucky break comes.*

Q. Before Harry James married Betty Grable, didn't he have two sons somewhere? Do these boys live in Hollywood? Who has custody of them?
—V. S., Dallas, Tex.

A. *James' ex-wife, Mary Louise Tobin James has custody of both sons in El Paso, Texas.*

Q. What is the truth about Ezio Pinza? Did MGM drop him because he fought with Lana Turner on the set of *Mr. Imperium* or because his pictures were terrible? —B. B., Atlanta, Ga.

A. *Pinza's two films for Metro,* Mr. Imperium *and* Strictly Dishonorable, *were not box-office hits. Story material for Pinza is also difficult to obtain because of his age. Pinza was dropped for these reasons, no other.*

HIS NAME WAS THUNDER!

HIS LOVE WAS FIRE!

HE WAS THE FLAME AND THE FURY!



VIVA ZAPATA!

20th CENTURY-FOX

Starring

MARLON BRANDO

JEAN PETERS

with

Anthony Quinn · Joseph Wiseman · Arnold Moss
Alan Reed · Margo · Harold Gordon
Lou Gilbert · Mildred Dunnock

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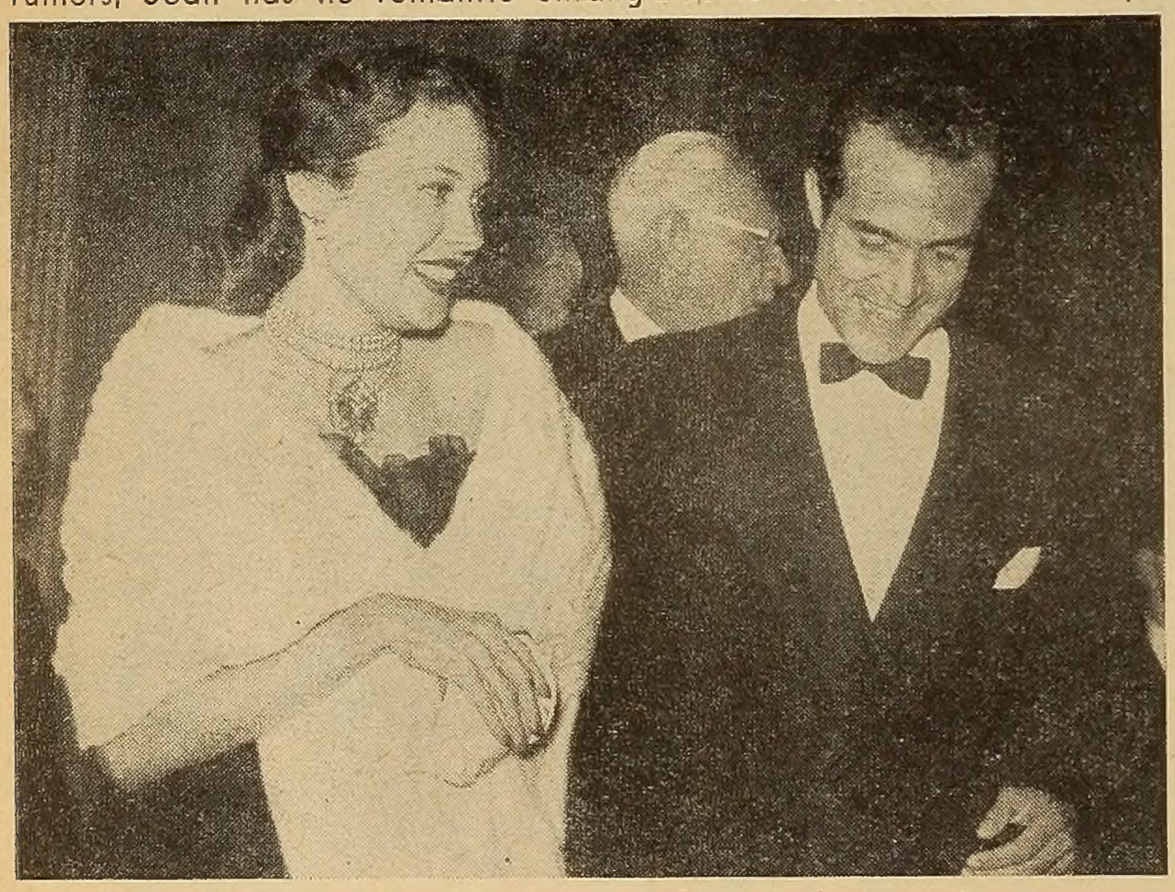
Written by
JOHN STEINBECK



The ever-glamorous Joan Crawford poses for the cameraman on the arm of escort Mel Dinelli at the premiere of *Quo Vadis*. Despite rumors, Joan has no romantic entanglements—she's much too busy.



Jeanne Crain and hubby Paul Brinkman are proof-positive that Hollywood marriages can—and do—flourish! Will it be a sister, or a new brother, for their three sons in February? They want a girl.



Ricardo and Georgianna Montalban, also at the premiere, expect another visit from Sir Stork soon. For the full story of how Ricardo met and married Georgie, see the April issue of MODERN SCREEN.



Deborah Kerr and Robert Taylor, stars of *Quo Vadis,* hold a reunion with the movie's director, Mervyn LeRoy, at the premiere. LeRoy has reason to be proud of them—both were hits in the film.

THE EX-MRS. SINATRA AND THE EX-MR. AVA GARDNER FINALLY MEET—WOW! . . . PAT NEAL AND GARY COOPER DECIDE TO

Would you like to read an eye-witness account of the first meeting between Nancy Sinatra (the former Mrs. Frank) and Artie Shaw (the former Mr. Ava Gardner) in New York?

My favorite New York spy writes the details.

"New Yorkers hadn't seen Nancy's NEW personality since her divorce from Frank," reports my friend, "and I must say she has become a dazzler, so petite, so chic and so sparkingly pretty."

Well, on this particular night, Nancy came into Gogi's La Rue with her friends from the Coast, the William Perlbergs. They were soon joined by Judy Garland and Sid Luft and then the whole party moved into the small private room, adjoining the main dining room, where Artie Shaw was sitting with his fiancee (?), the Dowling girl, and a columnist.

Apparently, Shaw had never before set eyes on the *original* Mrs. Sinatra because I overheard him ask the writer, "Who's the little beauty with the big brown eyes?"

He was told it was Nancy Sinatra.

"What!" gasped Ava Gardner's second husband. "You mean he left THIS doll—and three children? He's gotta be crazy!"

My spy comments, "Everything considered, I think this is quite a commentary."

RITA Hayworth's suspension at Columbia lasted just five days. But they were five days of jitters for everyone concerned. Columbia had invested $500,000 in pre-production costs on *Affair In Trinidad*. And the minute she walked off the picture, Rita's $5000 weekly salary was stopped.

"She is very emotional and mixed up," said one of her friends. "The break-up of her marriage to Aly Khan took its toll of her self-confidence. Rita is a bundle of nerves and very unsure of herself."

I find that hard to believe. Rita had rehearsed two dance numbers for the film and they were wonderful. And she looks radiantly beautiful these days.

Could be she is getting a Greta Garbo complex.

Ever since her return to Hollywood she has shunned her old friends even to refusing to come to the telephone when they call. On the few occasions when she has accepted a social invitation she has been heard to remark that "people aren't nice to me."

Stuff and nonsense!

To Rita, once my good friend, I say as one who is still her friend: "Think straight and act wisely. Your leave of absence from Hollywood while being a 'Princess' did your career no good. But, don't, for heavens sake, be your OWN worst enemy."



Betsy von Furstenberg and Nicky Hilton (Liz Taylor's ex) spiked rumors that their on-again, off-again romance was off-again when they announced plans to marry in 1952. But the question is, will they?



Kirk Douglas gets a big laugh out of the pigtails that Elizabeth Threatt sports in *The Big Sky*. Elizabeth, whose middle name is Coyote (she's part Indian), has her first important role in this film.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

CALL IT OFF . . . TY AND LINDA WARM THEIR HOUSE WITH A PARTY . . . FARLEY GRANGER "DISCOVERS" HILDEGARDE NEFF

I WAS with Joan Bennett within an hour after the shocking news that Walter Wanger had shot her agent, Jennings Lang, in a jealous passion over Joan. I'm not going into a dissertation on the moral angles of this tragedy one way or another.

But I shall never forget Joan—distraught, completely beside herself, and shaking like a leaf. She couldn't sit down—just kept pacing the floor up and down, back and forth. She hardly seemed to hear the words of comfort given by her former husband, Gene Markey, who had dashed to her side, or from other friends present.

Over and over she kept repeating, "To think that I should be the one to bring this terrible scandal on Hollywood. I can't believe it. It's a terrible nightmare."

THE rain, that started that Saturday morning, poured and poured all day and was drenching all Southern California by nightfall, didn't dampen the enthusiasm of the lucky guests who had been invited to the housewarming of Linda and Tyrone Power.

Their new home is enchanting and the large colorful rooms were a perfect setting for Linda, vivid and flashing in a beautiful Fontana gown of green that almost matched her eyes and the emeralds she wore.

I hadn't any more than noticed this—than I spotted Joan Crawford in a gown that just matched her stunning Topaz jewelry. I filed it away for a little fashion note.

At dinner, I sat next to Michael Rennie and he and his Maggie are two of the most attractive Britishers who have ever settled in our town. They came with their neighbors and good friends, Fieldsie and Walter Lang.

Speaking of an attractive Englishman—Ronald Colman was there and he told me Benita had been, and was still, very ill with poison ivy. "And, don't you dare say she caught it from our HALLS OF IVY," he laughed.

Evie Johnson's new shorter than short hair cut was attracting attention and she told me it had been barbered by her ever lovin' husband, Van.

Valentina Cortesa and Richard Basehart, the new mama and papa, didn't stay long and hurried home to the thin, adorable, brand new bambino.

Far be it for me to say that the "highlight" of the evening was Shelley Winters introducing her new love, Italian actor Vittorio Gassmann, to her old love, Farley Granger—but it was quite a moment. Farl seemed to weather the blow without missing a heartbeat.

He told me he had been a house-guest of the Powers for a week. "They're calling

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over these extra advantages for

Feminine Hygiene



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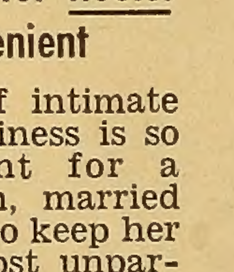


Each in separate glass vial

The practice of intimate feminine cleanliness is so very important for a woman's health, married happiness and to keep her free from a most unpardonable odor of which she may be unaware. And now thanks to Zonitors, women have a far more convenient, easier, yet *powerfully effective* method of feminine hygiene.

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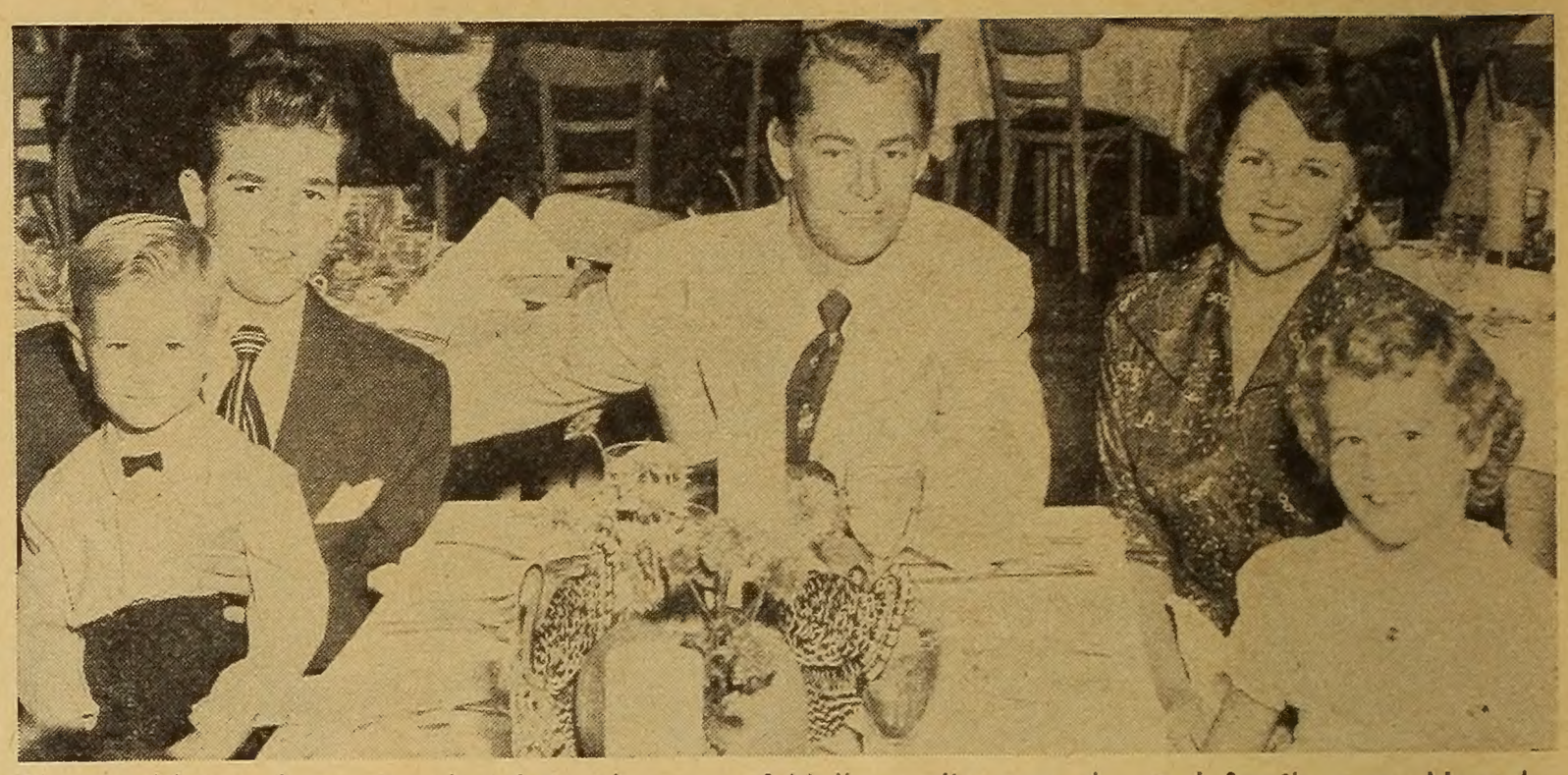
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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Alan Ladd is a busy star, but he's also one of Hollywood's most devoted family men. Here he dines out with three-quarters of his brood—(*left to right*) Laddie, his oldest son, 14; four-year-old David, wife Sue and daughter Alana. The Ladds also have a teen-age daughter.

me 'the man who came to dinner' and stayed a week," he grinned.

Farley's date at the party was Hildegarde Neff and I think he likes the lady pulenty—but her heart is supposed to belong to Anatole Litvak, her favorite director.

Mrs. James Stewart, Merle Oberon, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Rocky Cooper, Mrs. Ray Milland, Claudette Colbert and Janet Gaynor Adrian were among the other beauties in gorgeous gowns getting their "pitchers took" by Bunny Waters Greene who was here, there and everyplace snapping the festivities with her camera.

CLOSE-UP of John Wayne: He has exactly the same close friends today when he is at the top of the heap as he did when he was just "old Duke," the cowpoke. His inseparable men companions are John Ford the director, and actor Ward Bond. . . . He likes his whiskey straight and his women shy and modest. If there's anything he hates it is a "conspicuous dame". . . . He doesn't like social affairs from big to small dinners. But he has been known to drop in on a friend, talk for hours, stay for dinner and then *spend the night!* Once, he dropped in on John Ford and stayed two weeks. . . . He doesn't want anyone to know it, but he is still a little bit shocked over women smoking. Particularly, women with gray hair. . . . Way back in grade school he learned some poems and he can still recite them. Robert Service, and his poems of Alaska, are his favorite reading matter. . . . He isn't startled by the success which has made him No. 1 man on the screen because it happened so gradually he "didn't notice anything". . . . He wouldn't live anywhere but California if you gave him a worldwide choice. His next favorite spot is Mexico. He loves the lazy people, the mañana attitude and the hot hot food. . . . He's kind of a lazy guy himself. . . . He's been in the Mocambo nightclub just once and he's never dined at Romanoff's. Now and then he'll venture out to some quiet little place and listen to a good piano player. . . . He's more like an older brother to his children—seems that he just can't discipline them, no matter how hard he tries to be firm! . . . All in all, he's a very good guy to be representing us as the top actor at the box office and the popularity polls.

ALL you girls who worry because you don't have a steady fellow probably won't believe this—but it's true. Luscious Marilyn Monroe, publicized as having more sex appeal than any movie star since Jean Harlow, didn't go to two pre-holiday parties because she had "no escort"!

Have you noticed that you never read about curvaceous Marilyn dining and dancing with this-one or that-one in the various nightclubs? As beautiful and alluring as she is—she is one of our real stay-at-home girls. And she admits it.

"Maybe I'm choosy," Marilyn told me. "I don't like to be going out just to be seen somewhere. But I won't lie—I'd like someone to come along who is nice, and a good dancer and fun to talk to—just like hundreds of other girls."

Before his death last year, Marilyn was devoted to her former agent, Johnny Hyde. Johnny made no secret that he wanted to marry her in spite of the difference in their ages (Johnny was 56 and Marilyn is 25). He did everything in his power to put her over as a star and she was always grateful to him. But she realized that gratitude was hardly the basis for a successful marriage.

When Johnny was taken very ill with a serious heart attack—and Marilyn was told by the doctors that he could not live—she let Johnny give her a diamond engagement ring because it made him so happy. Everyday she was a visitor to his bedside at the hospital. She made his last days very happy.

But surely, sometime, someone will come along who will bring "dates" and romancing and real love for this girl who says her career is "everything" to her. Is that fair for a belle who, obviously, was not designed for a bachelor-girl existence?

PURELY Personal: Shelley Winters has really given me the chill since (as she says) I haven't taken her big romance with Vittorio Gassmann seriously. The gal says what she feels for the Italian actor is the real thing and that she is going to marry him. Unfortunately, he has a wife which Shelley says he will shed—and Vittorio says he won't! . . . Since he started making love to luscious Liz Taylor, Michael Wilding wears his hair piece all the time—which is more than he did when he was making love to

Happy Picture!
Happy People!

So much fun and joy and love, it bubbles over--all over you! You'll go out smilin' in your heart at the fellow who made room for the girl he loved-and forgot to lock the door!



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in
"ROOM FOR ONE MORE"

SCREEN PLAY BY
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TAKE no chances with your intimate hygiene! Be the *real* you who won your husband's love . . . confident, serene . . . sure of your feminine daintiness.

Douche regularly with "Lysol." Cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Kills germ life quickly on contact. Non-caustic, will not harm delicate tissue. Recommended by many doctors.

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today. Use it *regularly!* Don't ever risk *neglect* that can create *another* you—unsure, unhappy in your marriage. Send today for *free* booklet on feminine hygiene, prepared in collaboration with a leading gynecologist. Mailed in plain envelope. Write Harriet Dean, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Box D.M.-523, Bloomfield, N. J.

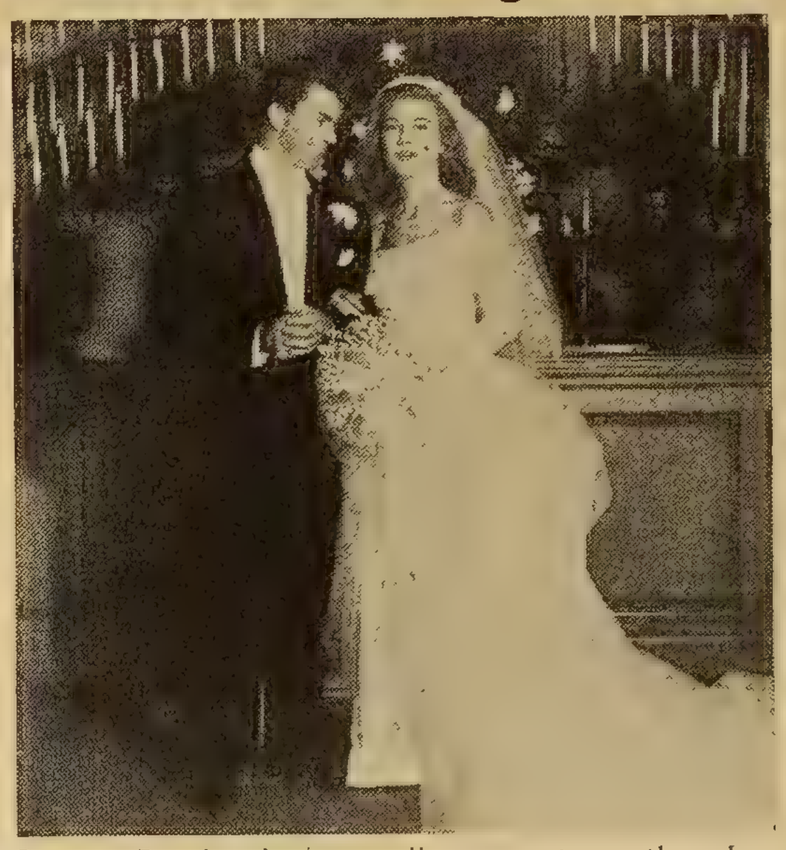
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Concentrated Germ-Killer



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Peggy Dow's dreams all came true the day she married her childhood sweetheart Walter Helmerich in an all white church wedding.



Peggy's wedding gown, fashioned mainly of heirloom lace that was in the family for many years, was designed by the bride herself.

Marlene Dietrich. . . . Esther Williams is on her way to becoming the Hetty Green of the screen. Where money is concerned—Esther knows the secrets. Everything she touches turns to cash and she's sure to clean up when she goes on tour with her Aquacade this Spring. Not since Sonja Henie, has any pretty girl shown more "cash" sense than the movie mermaid. . . . Kirk Douglas is becoming a cynical gent where the ladies are concerned. Methinks it will be a long, chilly time before Kirk gets around to marrying again.

THAT so beautiful redhead, Arlene Dahl, and her handsome groom, Lex Barker, invited their friends to their home for a Glade Jul party. Arlene, who comes of Scandinavian parentage, had all the smorgasbord, drinks and delicious things that go with such an elaborate fete.

The guests came early and stayed late. Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall had a special celebration because it was their wedding anniversary. Pretty Georgianna Young Montalban, wife of the popular Ricardo, and Jeanne Crain were discussing babies. Both have dates with the stork, and it is the fourth child for each of them. These two girls are both beauties and believe in big families. I find that this is happening with quite a few Hollywood celebrities.

Farley Granger came all alone. Maybe he couldn't coax Hildegarde Neff to accompany him, or maybe he's just tired of women. Personally, I think Farl was hit a little harder than he'd like people to believe by Shelley Winters' desertion. Not that he wanted to marry Shell himself, but just another case of a dog-in-the-manger.

Anne Baxter was receiving congratulations on having been voted the most cooperative actress of the year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

That reminds me, Tyrone Power went on the air and really took the Press Club apart for naming the most uncooperative actors, saying it was of no interest to anyone except the disgruntled girls who voted. I wouldn't know, because I don't belong to the organization, but I was surprised to hear that Esther Williams had been named the most uncooperative actress. I have always found her to be just exactly the opposite.

Naturally I was not surprised that Frank Sinatra won the dubious honor of being named the least cooperative actor. The feud between Frankie and some of the fan magazines dates back a long time.

There are very few newspaper women in this club. Most of the members are fan magazine writers with a few press representatives among them.

THE two year romance of Pat Neal and Gary Cooper is over. Pat still loves Gary deeply, but she feels his ill health is caused by worry over his daughter, Maria, whom he adores.

Pat made a break two or three times, but always went back to Coop because he pleaded with her not to leave him. But she knows there's no chance for marriage because Gary's wife will never consent to giving him his freedom.

Personally I do not think Gary wants to do anything as drastic as getting a divorce himself because of Maria. There's no feeling for Rocky any more—that Gary has said. He admits that he loves Pat, but he would never let his own feeling interfere with anything that might be harmful to his beloved daughter Maria.

The Letter Box: V. Johnson, of Winthrop, Maine, is worried that Dan Dailey's new candid camera shots are revealing signs of fatigue again. "Please, please—tell Dan to take care of himself. He is my favorite star and we who love him cannot bear the thought that he might have to suffer through another breakdown."

"Just Stephanie," of Dallas, chides Hollywood producers. "How can they permit Olivia De Havilland to stay away so long? She is the greatest of screen actresses. Don't tell me there aren't good roles for her. She could have played *The Blue Veil* or *Streetcar Named Desire* or a half dozen other great parts. What's the matter?" Olivia's been touring with *Candida*, Stephanie, and she hasn't liked the films offered her.

"Clifford," Atlanta, Ga, thinks Farley Granger has broken Shelley Winters' heart and "that's the reason she acts so flighty—just to show him she doesn't care." Can't say that I agree with you, Cliff.

Well, that's all for now. See you next month!

Don't just wish you had exciting hair,

shining like silk, even when the lights are dim; sensuous, so silken-soft to touch.

Watch your wish come true when you shampoo with gentle Drene.

(Sh! The secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)



DRENE
SHAMPOO

silkens your hair
...as it cleanses!

GET DRENE TODAY!



SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

How badly has the Joan Bennett-Walter Wanger-Jennings Lang mess hurt Hollywood? Not too badly, it's felt . . . As usual, everybody in Hollywood chose sides in the case, one of the worst scandals ever to rock Filmville. The sober-minded, however, realizing that calmness is the best course in time of panic, pointed out that the sins of a few shouldn't be placed on the doorsteps of all.



The Wangers

One of the most seriously affected when Miss Bennett's husband shot Lang in the belief that the agent was breaking up his home was Jane Wyman, who was visiting her friend Pam Lang, the agent's wife, at the time of the affray. Jane had been suffering from a serious kidney ailment, and friends said it was a nervous shock. But it doesn't appear that the publicity will affect Jane adversely . . . Joan, incidentally, had just finished her Christmas shopping when the shooting took place . . . Everybody was recalling how Joan had been named Mother-of-the-Year on a Mother's Day broadcast last year.



Turner

Metro is dusting off *Forever,* bought by the studio years ago for Norma Shearer but never produced, for June Allyson. It's about two lovers reunited in death . . . You'll see the old Ann Sheridan in *Steel Town,* with Howard Duff and John Lund. She plays a really tough babe, like she used to with Bogart and Cagney.

SEX APPEAL:

For Lana Turner's legs in *The Merry Widow,* MGM's wardrobe department turned out hand-made imported Belgian black hose worth $200 a pair . . . Sight of the month: Lana waiting outside his dressing room for Fernando Lamas to finish work in *Widow* every night! . . . But why didn't Lana list Turhan Bey among her amours in that magazine piece she wrote? He WAS one of them, as you'll no doubt recall . . . Do you think we'll EVER get used to calling her Lana Lamas? . . . Esther Williams accepted a beautiful orchid lei at the Cocoanut Grove and said, "I wish I could go around in just this!" And a man in the audience hollered, "Me, too!"



Ladd

You'll see Eleanor Parker wearing white silk tights opposite Stewart Granger in MGM's *Scaramouche.* But remember when she refused to make *The Girl From Jones Beach* (the part Virginia Mayo inherited at Warners) despite two perfectly good reasons? . . . Femme whistle department: Alan Ladd will play three bare-chested sequences in *Shane* . . . Total weight of the dozen gowns Denise Darcel wears in *Young Man In A Hurry* won't equal the weight of the ONE she wore in *Westward The Women* . . . Marilyn Maxwell was voted by Military Police at Point Mugu, Calif., as "The Girl We'd Most Like to Handcuff" . . . TV is showing its effect in Hollywood films. Wait till you lamp Angela Lansbury's cleavage in *Mutiny*—makes Faye Emerson look like a Campfire Girl!



Monroe

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Marilyn Monroe is boiling at a calendar company that exhumed an old photograph of herself in her birthday suit and used it on the 1952 calendars. Marilyn posed for it when she was broke a few years ago. And she can't sue because unfortunately she signed a release at the time . . . That (*Continued on page 14*)

"This 8-hour shower left me dry!"

"Again and again through the shooting of this picture, I was dripping wet. You know how drying *that* is to skin!" Happily, there was wonderful Jergens Lotion to use after every 'take'. There's no quicker way to restore softness to dry skin.



ESTHER WILLIAMS
co-star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"SKIRTS AHOY!"
Color by Technicolor

"To get this comedy sequence, I was literally doused for hours." What a relief to smooth on soothing Jergens! It's so quick and easy to use—never leaves any sticky film.



A scene like this is worse for hands than mopping *20* kitchens. So see why Jergens helps so *fast*. Smooth one hand with Jergens Lotion — the other with any lotion or cream . . .



Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care. No wonder stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1!



"For close-ups with co-star Barry Sullivan, my skin was smooth again." Jergens makes it easy to keep skin soft in spite of chores or chapping.



Keep *your* hands lovely. Use Jergens Lotion and see why it's used by more women than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

hollywood report

continued

Monroe gal sure generates a lot of heat. She dated the entire Notre Dame football team when the pigskin lads were here . . . A tourist was snapping pictures at the Beverly Hills Hotel swimming pool. Hedy Lamarr was within camera range, sunning herself. She spoke up: "Please stop that. You are invading my privacy." Apparently mistaking her for a fellow tourist, the man said, "Look, lady, I'm just taking pictures. You wanna make something of it?" And Hedy covered her face with a towel! . . . Hedy, by the way, tells friends Hollywood is the only climate that agrees with her and she just has to stay here while hubby Ted Stauffer works in Mexico.



Lamarr

Just before she broke up with Farley Granger in favor of Vittorio Gassmann, it reached a point where Shelley Winters wasn't kissing Farl goodnight when he dropped her at her apartment after dates. They merely shook hands! . . . We've been to several Sunset Strip nightclubs lately on the same nights Shel's been on hand, and all we gotta say is we wish she'd quit snapping her gum while the floor-show's on! . . . And Farl doesn't know how close he came to losing the romantic lead in Danny Kaye's new picture, *Hans Christian Andersen*. Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, the producer's wife, has seen Henri Vidal, the big hunkaman who murdered femme audiences with his physique in *Fabiola*, and wanted Vidal for the part. But Sam was afraid Henri's thick French accent was too strong. So Farley won out.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

I sat next to Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis at the Hollywood press agents' annual Panhandle Dinner. Ronnie kept up a steady stream of conversation on everything from Hollywood's public relations to what a pretty dress his date wore, and Nancy hung on every word he said. A truly devoted couple . . . Ronnie told me, "One of the things that gave Hollywood a black eye in its early days, aside from some of the scandals, was the publication of costs for making such pictures as *Intolerance* and *Ben Hur*. The innately thrifty American public read these figures, was shocked, and resented Hollywood" . . . Remember when Ronnie broke his leg and swore off baseball? Well, now he's starring in *The Big League*, a biography of baseball's Grover Cleveland Alexander, for Warners. Proving that for a buck you gotta change your mind!



Reagan

Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson broke up, but neither shed a tear . . . And then alluva sudden Vera and Dick Anderson were a twosome! . . . Ginny Simms and Bob Calhoun may be wed by the time you read this. Their mothers have met and, to all accounts, approved. Bob—and this isn't generally known—is a former taxi driver who was left close to $1,000,000 by an aunt . . . The little invalid girl who came out from New Jersey to see her idol, Mario Lanza, wasn't interested in any of the movie stars she met or any of the events planned for her. All she wanted to do was be with Mario every minute, from six A.M. on—until she had to fly home . . . Mario's *Because You're Mine* set was closed to visitors while the child was here, and newspapermen were boiling about it. But MGM explained that the production department clamped down because the visitors had caused delays in shooting. "Mario has been wonderful," we were told, "devoting all his time to the little girl. He doesn't even eat lunch—just goes to his dressing room and relaxes and rehearses his songs—so there's little time for interviews" . . . When she finished *Clash By Night* at RKO, Barbara Stanwyck took off with pal Nancy Sinatra for a siesta in Palm Springs, came back much rested.

ODDS BODKINS:

Ironic, I thought, that Frank Sinatra gave Judy Garland such a genuine plug as "the greatest girl singer" on his television show. It was Judy's bow-out, remember, from the role of Julie in *Show Boat* that gave the part to Frankie's Ava. . . . No more talk about Rodgers and Hammerstein wanting to use little Judy in a stage musical. They probably figure she couldn't stand up under the strain of a long run. . . . The Garland family were



Garland

all made up again as we went to press, following a falling-out. Judy birthday-gifted her mother, Mrs. Ethel Gilmore, with a huge basket of mums, jonquils and lilies-of-the-valley. And promised that her brother-in-law, Jack Cathcart (sister Sue's husband), will be her next musical conductor . . . La Gardner's new license number is prefaced by the letters FA, which stand for—you guessed it—Frankie and Ava. . . . Complimented on her beautiful figure, Ava said she won't have it long 'cause she wants a baby RIGHT AWAY!

Isn't it odd that Jimmy Durante is famous for his big nose, while Danny Thomas is famous in SPITE of his? . . . Judy Holliday and Annabella, Ty Power's ex, are lookalikes . . . I never realized Brod Crawford's southpaw till I saw him dialing a phone left-handed in *The Mob*. . . . They've put extra COPS on duty these nights at the drive-in theaters around Hollywood! . . . When U-I merged with Decca Records to make pictures, it was noted that the studio has only one singer under contract. Her name is Ann Blyth. This lot was un- (*Continued on page 16*)

easy money!

Once upon a time, Valentines were mostly all home-made. But now chances are you breeze into a shop and buy a lacy affair that says, "I love you" and costs you a pretty penny. We've got some pretty pennies for you, it so happens, in the form of crisp dollar bills. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste, because we're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Here Comes The Bride (Ronald Reagan-Nancy Davis)
- ☐ Lana's Latin Lover (Lana Turner-Fernando Lamas)
- ☐ After Shelley—What? (Farley Granger)
- ☐ Bang Went The Strings Of Her Heart! (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ Liz Does It Again (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ There *Is No* Jeff Chandler
- ☐ Modern Screen's Party Of The Year
- ☐ Worlds Apart (Barbara Stanwyck-Bob Taylor)
- ☐ Too Hot To Handle (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better (Bill Holden-Glenn Ford)
- ☐ Up In Brady's Place (Scott Brady)
- ☐ A Life Of Her Own (Jane Russell)
- ☐ "Somebody Loves Me" (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Life With Lanza (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ Pretty-Eyed Bébé (Leslie Caron)
- ☐ Gary Crosby of Stanford U.
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions

Which of the stories did you like Least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone.....

State.....I am ..... yrs. old

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Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be checked and stay checked. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really checks perspiration.**

Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated ... and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. **No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.**



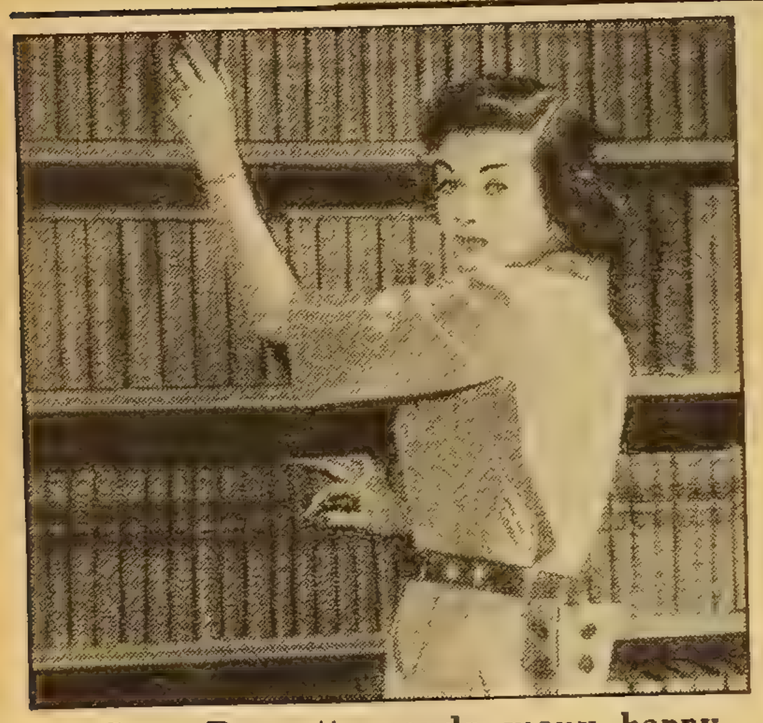
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Slim The Way ☆ The Stars Slim



● Joan Bennett spends many happy hours reading in the library of her Beverly Hills home. Here's what she says about Ayds: "The Ayds way is the really sensible way to reduce. That's why so many Hollywood stars follow it."



● Joan about to go for a drive with her French poodle, Bambi. "If you are overweight, Ayds can do wonderful things for your figure," says Joan. "I recommend it to any woman who wants to keep herself looking slim and youthful."

"AYDS Can Do Wonderful Things for Your Figure," says Joan Bennett

Let lovely Joan Bennett, mother of four, tell you how to win a lovelier figure! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

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Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

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The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS



hollywood report

continued

doubtedly become a major producer of musical films in which song stars will be built for Decca. . . . Spike Jones asked Margaret Truman to sing on his TV show. Don't laugh. Margaret worked with Spike and his City Slickers at the White House Correspondents' dinner. She was a hit, too!

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Scott Brady got a black eye working with Shelley Winters in *Untamed*. She turned suddenly in one of their sequences together, socked him accidentally with her head, and gave him a beautiful shiner. . . . Don Hartman is now head of production at Paramount but he was once an actor. He played the role of *Andy Hardy* on the stage in *Skidding*, the play that MGM bought and built into a series of pictures for Mickey Rooney. Well, Don is still a trifle actorish, although a nicer boss it would be hard to find in Hollywood. He met Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, the oldtime stage stars who came to a Para luncheon to wish Betty Hutton success in the film version of their stage musical, *Topsy And Eva*. Rosetta was introduced for the first time to Don, who asked pleasantly, "Are you going to do a little song and dance for us?" Rosetta looked him over and asked right back, "Why? Are you in charge of the music department here?"—hardly flattering to the man who holds the reins on pictures starring La Hutton, Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope—but it brought giggles from the luncheon guests. . . . We're waiting with bated breath to see how *Girl In White* and stars June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy and Gary Merrill turn out. They're whispering around that director John Sturges had his hands full because Gary took his dialogue home every night and came back next day with his (or Bette's?) version of how it should be done; that Dick Powell was guiding June in her lines; and that Kennedy held out for HIS version!



Brady

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Marty Melcher gifted wifey Doris Day with a flowering peach tree for doing so well in *I'll See You In My Dreams*. She planted the tree in back of their Valley home. . . . Did you know that the dreamy Day's refusal to do "live" radio shows is costing her a fortune? She'll sing only on shows that are "taped" beforehand, so that if there are any mistakes they can be fixed before going on the air. Among the shows she has nixed is *The Railroad Hour*, with Gordon MacRae . . . Maureen O'Hara's brothers, Charles and James, have been crew-cut, Brooks-Brothered and de-brogued since their arrival from Eire, adventing American film careers for both goodlooking lads. . . . Jean Simmons has been over here quite a spell but still mails back food packages to her former hairdresser, wardrobe mistress, makeup girl and eight others in food-shy Eng-



Simmons

land. . . . I was on the set when the Simmons dreampuss was doing a love scene with Vic Mature for *Androcles And The Lion.* I asked her to comment on British versus American love-making. Said she: "Well, Vic is a bit eager and enthusiastic!" . . . June Allyson broke down and cried when her daughter Pam, three-and-a-half, had to go to nursery school. It suddenly made her realize that her child is growing up and really getting along in years.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery observed their eighth wedding anniversary with a small dinner party at their Encino home. He's up to his neck with work in his furniture factory and Dinah's too busy with her new TV series for any special celebration. . . . When the Betty Hutton-Norman Krasna romance broke up 'twas whispered around Hollywood that it was because Norman wasn't exactly crazy about children, including Betty's. But the week before he married Erle Jolson, Al's widow, Erle adopted a five-month-old girl!



The Montgomerys

Dale Robertson planned a trip to Oklahoma, so that his wife, Jacqueline Wilson, could meet his many relatives. It takes a long time to meet all of the Robertsons, says Dale. And he and Jackie are expecting the stork this summer. . . . Ditto Ida Lupino and Howard Duff, although Ida has been told she must take it easy because of a spinal injury suffered in a fall some time ago. . . . While I was visiting the *Famous* set at Paramount, Bing Crosby proudly displayed a clipping from the San Jose *Monitor* that listed son Dennis as unanimous choice for the 1951 All-Catholic Prep Team in Northern California. . . . Vic Mature said, "If everybody will leave Dorothy and myself alone our marriage will be all right". . . . We cornered Glenn Ford at MODERN SCREEN's Popularity Awards party at Ciro's but he had to tear himself away from the wonderful affair in order to pick up his wife, Eleanor Powell, at a Parent-Teachers meeting.

QUICK NOTES:

Did you notice that one newspaperman summed up Mickey Rooney's affection for tall girls by calling him "Mountain Climber Mickey Rooney"? . . . Keefe Brasselle, who used to sell shoes on Hollywood Boulevard, autographed a picture to his ex-boss: "Thanks to you, I got off on the right foot!" . . . Steve Cochran points out that the public has accepted blondes in movies as good girls. Back in the '30's and beyond they usually played "vamps." "But now," says Steve, who knows a good thing when he sees it, "look at Betty Grable, Doris Day, June Haver and Virginia Mayo!" . . . Milo Anderson, costume designer at Warners': "Jane Wyman, then a young starlet, decided to launch her social career in Hollywood with a very elegant cocktail party. We discussed the plans at great length. I promised to be on hand early, to give her moral support. I was. I walked into the living room



Haver



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The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gives you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. You do far more than remove dirt and make-up when you wash thoroughly every day with Dial. Dial with AT-7 effectively *clears skin* of bacteria that often aggravate and spread pimples and surface blemishes. Skin doctors know this, and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

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hollywood report

continued

and could plainly see the pains she had taken to have everything perfect. Suddenly my eye was caught by large bowls crammed with brightly colored objects. Close inspection proved that our very thoughtful hostess had anticipated the wants of her guests with every brand of chewing gum! But Jane is today, in addition to being a great star, an accomplished hostess."



Wyman

It's Red Skelton's motto for the Red Cross: "Don't Drink That Pint—Give It!" . . . Fritz Lang, directing Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Ryan in a love scene for *Clash By Night,* told them: "Movie kissing is very complicated. You should remember all the rules but still kiss each other so that the audience will be satisfied!" . . . Helen Duryea cried her eyes out during the sad parts at the *Chicago Calling* preview. Later she said, "It's the first time in the 20 years Dan and I have been married that he ever made me cry!" . . . And this is Loretta Young's capsule but canny comment on fashions: "Your cover is the index to your contents."

ON THE FIRING LINE:

Leslie Caron received a fan letter from Leslie Caron! It wasn't conceit, but coincidence. The fan was Private First Class Leslie Caron, an artillery spotter with the 25th Division in Korea. . . . Sign of the times: There are 15 different war films playing in Los Angeles theaters. . . . His pal Danny Arnold was hospitalized when Jerry Lewis swung a golf club too vigorously and almost knocked Danny's left eye out. . . . Danny Kaye, since his return from the Korean battlefront, has been spending his time making phone calls to relatives of the GI's he met.

HE WENT THATAWAY:

MGM is getting an unexpected heehaw from audiences with a scene in *Lone Star* when Clark Gable, who has been palavering in an outdoor scene with a tribe of Indians, turns to his aide and yells, "Go pack my saddle bag, Geronimo!" Whereupon a little Indian kid comes out and packs it for him. It's supposed to be a dramatic scene but for some reason it's laughable. . . . Roy Rogers has made a million dollars during the last few years riding hither and yon, but he says that all he has left after taxes is $88,000. . . . Republic's Allan Lane has a colt by champ racer Reaping Reward, and will enter it at the Santa Anita track this year. . . . Guy ("Wild Bill Hickok") Madison and Gail Russell packed their bows and arrows and went boar hunting on Catalina Island. . . . The Warner Brothers are looking for a horse to play the part of Will Rogers' favorite, Soap Suds, in the late cowboy star's life story. Rogers' son, Will, Jr., is playing his father's role. . . . This is the bedtime prayer that Dana Andrews' six-year-old says: "God bless Mommy and Daddy and please make Gene Autry my uncle!" THE END



Madison





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⬅ Left—An actual photo of an ordinary pantie with uncomfortable bones. Right—Change to a "Perma·lift" Pantie with the Magic Inset, and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

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RUBBER PRODUCTS

FOR HOME AND HOSPITAL

picture of the month: the greatest show on earth



Cornel Wilde, aerialist and big box office draw, joins the circus as it leaves on tour. Circus ladies (like Dot Lamour) love him.



Circus boss Charlton Heston has his hands full trying to curb the dangerous rivalry that springs up between Wilde and Hutton.



Trying to top Betty, Cornel falls and ends his career. Betty decides to desert boyfriend Heston and become Cornel's wife.



A train wreck in the night brings out the heroism and loyalty that circus troupers have. It also resolves the tangled romances.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Seymour Peck

■ Hurry, Hurry, Hurry! The circus has come to town—or rather Cecil B. DeMille's fabulous, fascinating movie about the circus, which is every bit as wonderful as the real thing. *The Greatest Show On Earth* parades before our dazzled eyes the whole gaudy, gorgeous galaxy of the big top—clowns and monkeys and bareback riders, daredevils and tigers, fat men and midgets, right down to the peanuts and popcorn. It is death-defying, breathtaking, funny, spectacular—and unforgettable as your first visit to the circus when you were only so big. Spending several months with the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey troupe in their winter headquarters at Sarasota, Florida, DeMille photographed in marvelous detail every aspect of circus life, from training and rehearsing, to loading onto trains for the tour across America, to setting up and performing in each new town. Against this bewitching background, *The Greatest Show On Earth* pictures the loves and conflicts and heartaches of trapeze artists Betty Hutton and Cornel Wilde, clown James Stewart, circus manager Charlton Heston, and showgirls Dorothy Lamour and Gloria Grahame. These players are all excellent, but the real star of *The Greatest Show On Earth* is the circus itself. Just the miraculous precision with which the circus workers raise the huge canvas tents under which the artists perform is alone more astonishing and awesome than any love story in Paramount's *The Greatest Show On Earth.*



DEATH OF A SALESMAN

Admired everywhere as one of the two or three great plays of our time, Arthur Miller's *Death Of A Salesman* has been brought to the screen magnificently—with all its emotional power and tragic sweep intact. A revelation of an average American workingman's anxieties, struggles, hopes and defeats, it is so true, so illuminating that it ties your stomach in knots, leaves you spent and limp—as though it were speaking to you of your own life, your own aspirations and failures. Yet *Death Of A Salesman* is not a totally dark and somber experience, for it soars with the beauty of its author's love and faith in mankind. Fredric March gives an intensely moving, impassioned, electric performance as the tired old salesman, Willy Loman, whose world cracks up with age, an inability to live by real values, and a bitter conflict with a son who once adored him. The way Willy Loman's shoulders stoop wearily under the weight of his sample cases, the way his face lights up with love and hope for his son and sags again with disappointment, are all conveyed heartbreakingly by March. As Willy's loyal, good wife, no actress could be better than Mildred Dunnock, who repeats her memorable stage portrayal. And an intelligent, fine-looking young stage actor, Kevin McCarthy, makes a sensitive screen debut as the son in rebellion against his father's standards. *Death Of A Salesman* may pain you, may make you weep—but you can't afford to miss it. It is too penetrating a portrait of modern life, and the way many of us live it.
Cast: Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock, Kevin McCarthy, Cameron Mitchell, Howard Smith.—Columbia.

THE MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER

Thelma Ritter, who very nearly stole *A Letter To Three Wives* and *All About Eve* away from their stars, is, at long last, a star herself. And *The Model And The Marriage Broker* gives Thelma a star-spangled opportunity to be funny, wisecracking, tough, tender and lovable all at once. Thelma's no beauty, and she's well over 21 but, like the great Marie Dressler, she radiates more down-to-earth, honest-to-goodness personality and character than a dozen younger, shapelier babes. *The Model And The Marriage Broker* is cut exactly to her pattern: as Mae Swazey, who makes her living in the delicate and slightly raffish business of finding mates for lonely hearts, Thelma can point up all the comic absurdities of the trade, while making us feel the pathos in the shy, reticent, sometimes homely, sometimes aging people who come to her, all wanting desperately the companionship that marriage affords. Jeanne Crain is a model who is

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Hands that work look lovelier in 24 hours* or your money back!

Here's one hand cream made specially to help working hands look smoother and whiter!

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But hands that go through a daily routine of cleaning-washing-cooking and hands that work in an office or shop need something special. Give them Noxzema's two-way *medicated* care.

Helps heal—helps beautify! Noxzema helps sore, chapped working hands look lovelier these *two* important ways:

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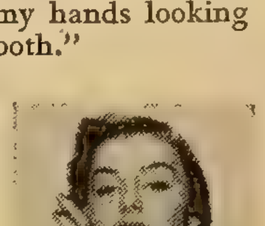
Noxzema works or money back!
*In clinical tests, Noxzema helped the sore, chapped hands of 9 out of 10 women look lovelier—often within 24 hours! Try it! If it doesn't do the same for *your* hands, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—your money back.

Surveys show 5,000,000 women all over America now use this greaseless, medicated hand care!



Barbara Swanson, Philadelphia career girl and homemaker, says: "I'm in business all day and do all my own housework, too. But Noxzema helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

Elaine Stewart, Upper Montclair TV actress, says: "I paint as a hobby. Since red, rough hands would show up in the camera, I use Noxzema regularly. It helps me keep my hands looking lovely."



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sliding the wrong way into a relationship with a married man until Thelma steps in and decides to find Jeanne a good, wholesome—and single—man, without charge. Scott Brady is the good, wholesome single man and he and Jeanne go very attractively together. Nobody has ever made a movie before about this odd, precarious marriage broker business and, with Thelma to play it to the hilt, *The Model And The Marriage Broker* is a little different and a lot of fun. *Cast: Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady, Thelma Ritter, Zero Mostel, Michael O'Shea.*—20th Century-Fox.



FOR MEN ONLY

"Sleeper of the month" is this surprise picture, which plunges into the turbulent emotions of college students with an impact that has never been matched. Its motivation comes from the strangest sort of murder mystery ever filmed—the death of a dog during a fraternity hazing. Its love story is that of a medical professor (Paul Henreid) and his faithful wife (Margaret Field), whose ideal marriage is challenged by the powerhouse attractions of a Lana Turner-type student, played by Kathleen Hughes. There is not a dull moment from the time Robert Sherman, playing a fraternity pledge, turns tail and runs under the "supreme" test, until the college hero cracks up on the foundation of his psychopathic lies. An able supporting cast includes Bob Sherman (the most compelling eyes since Valentino), Russell Johnson (more sadistic than Kirk Douglas in *The Champion*), Jimmy Dobson and cute Vera Miles.
Cast: Paul Henreid, Margaret Field, Kathleen Hughes—Lippert Prod.



I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

Too many movies about songwriters—from Cole Porter to George Gershwin to Rodgers and Hart—have given us a false image of these boys who knock themselves out rhyming June, moon, spoon and tune. Now at last, a very human and tuneful and refreshing musical sets the record straight: Songwriters are NOT all brilliant, unstable, tragic geniuses. Songwriters are not all

great lovers. Songwriters do not all compose at 4 o'clock in the morning in a wild burst of inspiration after leaving Alexis Smith's penthouse. Telling the life story of Gus Kahn, whose lyrics grace some of the best songs of the last 35 years, this friendly, appealing movie shows Kahn as a plain, decent human being who works hard, loves salami sandwiches, marries and has kids, and enjoys giving his kids their bath—like all the rest of us. The only crises Kahn goes through are those the whole world goes through—a war, a depression, illness. Danny Thomas, as Kahn, is wonderfully likeable. He is perhaps a rough, homely guy and his speech isn't elegant. But he has more gentle, goodhearted humanity and warmth than a whole battalion of pretty boys. As his loyal, understanding wife, Doris Day has never been better—her singing is topnotch. Thomas and Day are naturals and with its down-to-earth good sense and good songs *I'll See You In My Dreams* is a natural, too.
Cast: Danny Thomas, Doris Day, Frank Lovejoy, Patrice Wymore.—Warners.



BOOTS MALONE

Boots Malone is the story of a lonely boy and a lonely man who find happiness and meaning in life through their friendship for one another. This friendship grows around a large racetrack where the boy, who is only 14, dreams of becoming an outstanding jockey, and the man trains him until he is good enough to achieve his dream. Written crisply and tersely, *Boots Malone* steers clear of the sentimental goo that usually fouls up stories of lonely little boys who fill an aching void in the lives of lonely, embittered men. *Boots Malone* works hard, and succeeds in capturing the proper balance of affection, manliness, straightforwardness and paternalism that may exist between a boy and man moving around a fairly hardboiled racetrack crowd. No conventional love stuff clutters up *Boots Malone*, either. It gets its color and drive and excitement from the hard, rigorous way the man shapes the boy into a prize jockey—it's rougher, you'll find out, than becoming a champion boxer—in the way the boy grows away from loneliness to self-confidence, and in the way the man, who had been down on his luck and cynical, experiences a return to pride in seeing his protegé make the grade. The usual mobsters drift melodramatically in and out, working to make the man and boy throw the big race, but you won't pay much attention to them. It's the purity of the playing of William Holden and Johnny Stewart, as trainer and jockey, and the quiet, wordless eloquence with which they express their devotion to each other, that will hold you.
Cast: William Holden, Johnny Stewart, Stanley Clements, Basil Ruysdael.—Columbia.



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THE GREEN GLOVE

The worthy talents of Glenn Ford and some very handsome scenery in the south of France fight a losing battle with a bad script in *The Green Glove*. *The Green Glove* is a mystery—you're supposed to wonder who is the dead man in the church tower near Monte Carlo and how did his body get there. But the real mystery is why an American company sent a director and actors all the way to the French Riviera to shoot a story that would make any comic book look like classical literature. Amidst the general senselessness and amateurishness of *The Green Glove*, we gathered that Glenn Ford is searching for a jewelled glove worth $100,000. A gang of scoundrels, whose members include one Pepe the Crab, also wants the glove. They chase Glenn up and down mountainsides, throwing threats, bullets and boulders at him. Now and then a mad Countess darts in and out, making like Ophelia in *Hamlet*, and Geraldine Brooks stands by just in case Glenn has a spare moment for l'amour. *The Green Glove* lurches along as if nobody had bothered to direct it at all. Come to think of it, there probably wasn't any script either. Maybe everyone just made this one up as they went along. Sounded just like it.

Cast: Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks, Cedric Hardwicke, George Macready.—United Artists.



JUST THIS ONCE

"You're the most selfish, egocentric, insufferable human being I ever met," cries Janet Leigh to Peter Lawford in *Just This Once*. May you conclude from this that Janet loves Peter, loves him, loves him, loves him? You may indeed. For *Just This Once* is one of those light, frolicsome romantic charades in which boy and girl think they absolutely detest each other—until both realize they have been head over heels in love all along. *Just This Once* is more charming than most such comedies because Janet and Peter make a most engaging, attractive pair of lovers. Peter is a multi-millionaire playboy who spends money wildly on most of

the town's blonde population. Janet is the sober, sensible lawyer hired by Peter's guardian to regulate his spendthrift habits. When Janet cuts Peter's allowance to $50 per week, the bickering commences. That Peter eventually reforms and asks Janet to marry him will come as no surprise but you may be surprised by the nice, breezy touch all through *Just This Once*. It jests amiably and amusingly about love, money, earnest lawyers like Janet, and blonde-happy millionaires like Peter. "I thought that type went out with high button shoes," says someone in *Just This Once*, casting a sour eye on playboy Lawford. (So, by the way, did this reviewer.)

Cast: Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford, Lewis Stone, Richard Anderson.—MGM.

THE WILD NORTH

The Northwest Mounted Police always get their man—except, of course, when the man is rugged, stalwart Stewart Granger. Granger is the kind who gives himself up—if he's so inclined. Anyway, Mountie Wendell Corey mushes by dog sled into the icy North to catch Granger, a fur trapper wanted for murder. Corey locates Granger all right, but bringing him back to civilization for trial is quite another matter. The two men get lost in the frozen outdoors for weeks, blizzards rage, the temperature falls to 38 below, an avalanche of ice nearly buries them and finally, when a pack of wolves attacks them, Corey collapses into a numb, mindless creature, staring dully into



space. Granger could leave him there to die, but compassion moves him and, in the end, it is the man wanted for murder who brings the Mountie back, rather than the conventional other way 'round. It's a neat story twist which brings distinction to a movie already boasting plenty of tough, virile action. Granger is just the big, hardy chap for this sort of snow-swept adventure; his battle with those hungry wolves will chill your spine faster than a deep freeze. For any who may find it all a little grim, *The Wild North* provides a happy ending—Stewart Granger is finally acquitted of that pesky murder charge. Seems it was all in self-defense.

Cast: Stewart Granger, Wendell Corey, Cyd Charisse.—MGM.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND

Like *Detective Story, On Dangerous Ground* probes the mind and heart of a violent police detective. But unlike *Detective Story*, this movie is not altogether convincing as human drama. In fact, you can hardly believe it. Sloppily written, *On Dangerous Ground* uses up half its running time merely to establish the personality of its cruel, brutal detective, Robert Ryan. The heart of the story—Ryan's conversion into a decent, generous human being—is compressed unsatisfactorily into the last part of the movie, and accomplished too hurriedly to be taken very seriously. "Exiled" out of the city after giving someone a fierce beating, Ryan meets a blind farm girl, Ida Lupino, whose young brother is wanted for murder. In loving Ida, and in seeking to save her brother from the lynch spirit that menaces him, Ryan finds salvation from the warped, self-destructive life he had been pursuing. It's a striking, if somber theme, and director Nicholas Ray gets some strong emotion out of it, with the help of a forceful portrayal by Ryan. But Miss Lupino misses fire as the blind girl, perhaps because she is too sophisticated a woman to be playing trusting farm girls, perhaps also because, in this poorly organized screenplay, she does not come into the picture until the last 20 minutes, and then she has to work what amounts to a miracle on Mr. Ryan's extremely nasty character.

Cast: Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, Ward Bond. —RKO.

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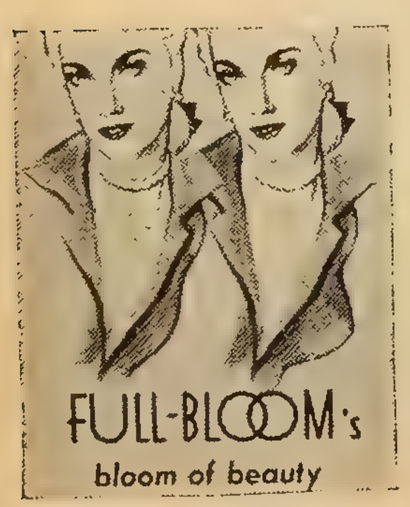
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To JULIA ADAMS, her newest Universal-International technicolor picture "Bend of the River" was no place for a glamour girl, in her opinion. For three weeks she bounced around on a wooden seat of a covered wagon, sacrificed pretty clothes for a pair of men's trousers and a lumberjack shirt, and worked ten hours daily under a grueling sun, eating dust by the ton.

"I used to dream of being fussed over by hairdressers, makeup men and stylists," commented the Little Rock, Ark., brunette wryly. "Instead, I'm fighting for my life with the reins to a four-horse team burning callouses into the palms of my hands. Who ever said moviemaking is glamorous?"

Julia, a recent bride of Writer Leonard Stern, had very little time to enjoy her honeymoon, inasmuch as "Bend of the River" took her away from the bridegroom for five weeks, then two weeks of all-night filming on the back lot continued to keep them apart after the company's return from location. As soon as she finished her part, she and her husband flew out to Nevada for a vacation, as Julia put it, "in a nice little cabin with no phone to call me back to work for awhile."

You may order by mail any of the "Buys of the Month" featured on pages 26 through 31 from Lansburgh's, 7th-8th and E. Sts., N. W., Washington 4, D. C. To order by mail, use the coupon on page 27.



#2 GOLDEN GIRL LOUNGE COAT **$5.99**

Like to linger over coffee in the morning, or look extra pretty for him at night? Then don Gingham Girl's comfy brunch coat. It's gold-dusted tapestry print cotton, with gold-toned braid and buttons for extra spice. It's guaranteed washable. Lilac, blue or rose in sizes 12 to 20 and 14½ to 22½. Order from Lansburgh's, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#20 SWIRLING SQUARE DANCER **$5.99**

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The chief difference between a star on a shopping tour and the average woman is that the star's Main Street is continent-long. She can search from coast to coast for the most style-wise, budget-wise buys for your home, your wardrobe, your family and your friends. And you can buy any one of them by mail delivered right to your door!

Each month a different star shops for you—with one eye on glamour and one on the budget. She uses all her taste and know-how to choose among the newest, the smartest, and wisest buys from the finest stores in America. This month, the many attractive items featured on the following pages were found at Lansburgh's in Washington, D. C.

Spring and Easter is near, and now's the time to start shopping. Just sit back and select what you want from among the many items featured on pages 26 to 31 from Lansburgh's Washington, D. C.

To order any of these items, just use the coupon below. Order each item **by number** or clip the item you want out of the magazine and attach it to the coupon together with check or money order and mail to Lansburgh's, Washington 4, D. C.

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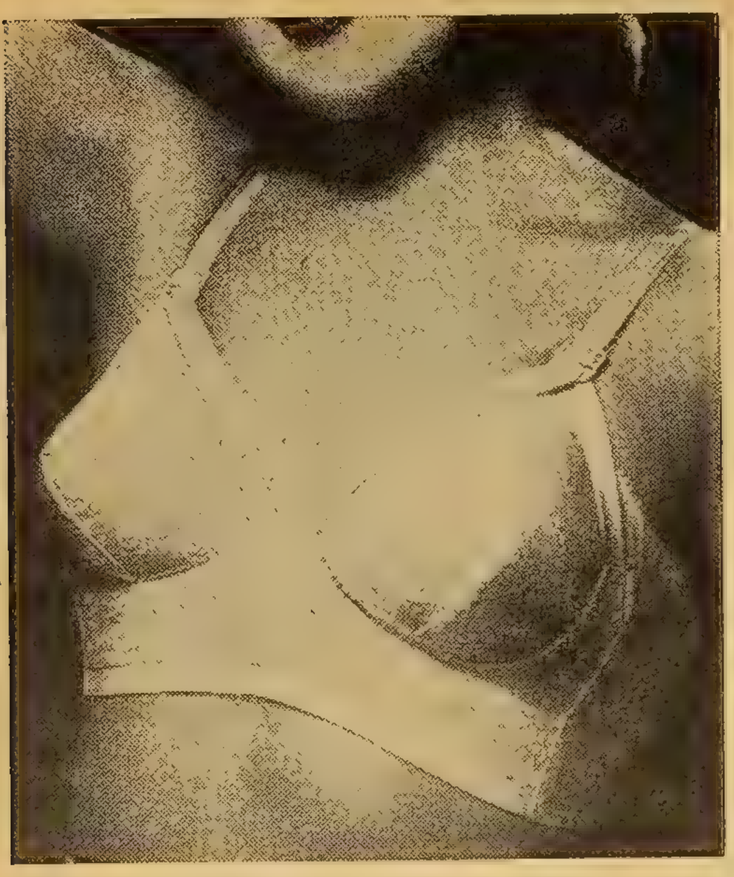
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Julia Adams Co-starring in Universal-International's "Bend of the River." Color by Technicolor.



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#7 SLEND-EZE PROPORTIONATE $3.99
Choose this tattersall checked percale classic for your active life. It boasts a handy 33-inch zipper, action sleeve, deep pockets. For the shortest to the tallest, in proportioned sizes. 12 to 42 regular and tall, 14½ to 24½ short $3.99. Sizes 44 to 52 regular $4.59. Colors lavender, red or brown. Matching cap 29¢. Order from Lansburgh's, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

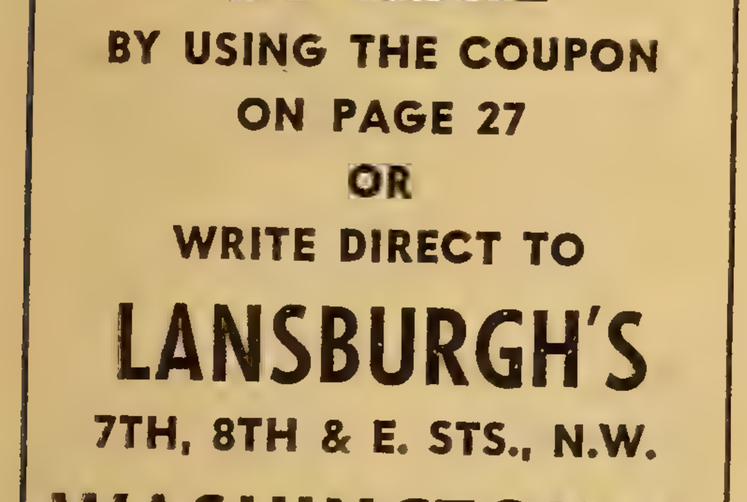


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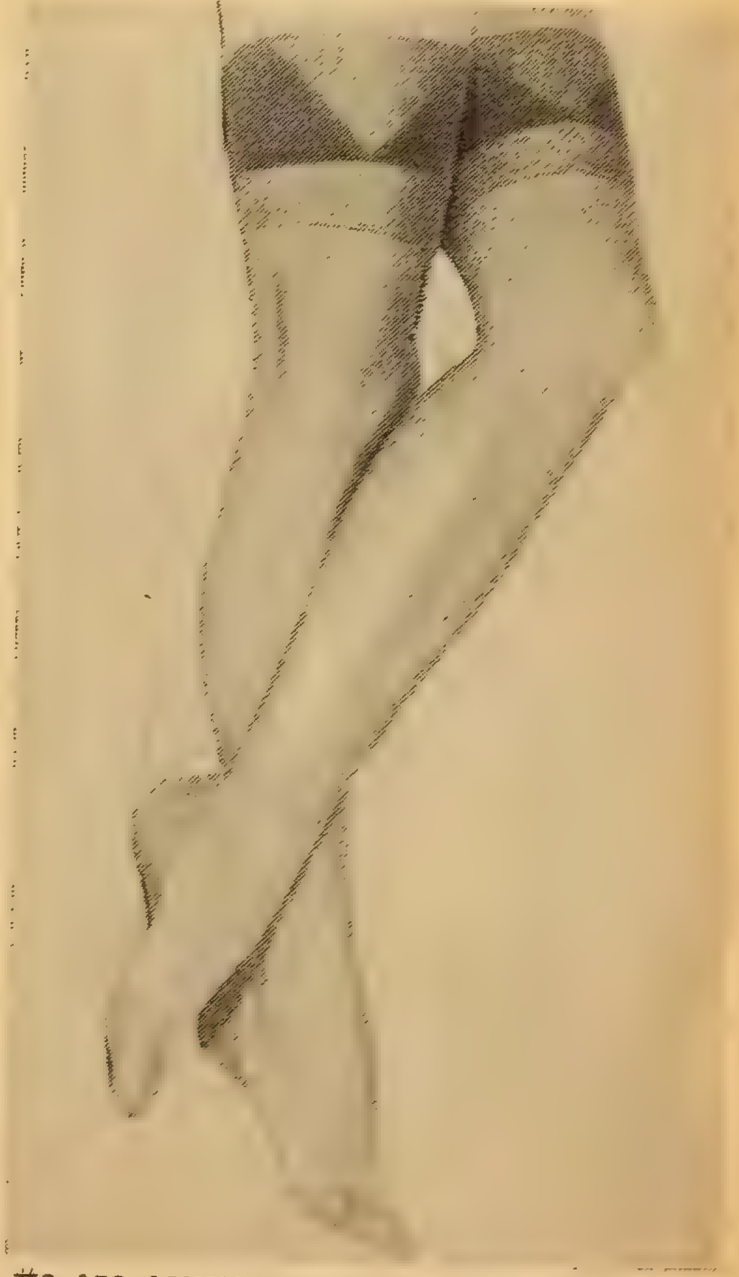
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Ideal for spring affairs you'll be attending. Diana fashioned it for your formal life. Combines a strapless bra—that molds and holds—a controlling waist nipper and comfortable garter belt all in one! White or black Diamond satin ($5.95), or in nylon ($6.50). Sizes 34 to 38. Lansburgh's, Corsetry, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#14 A TREASURE IN TAPESTRY $5.98*
*What a wonderful way to carry all the doodads we have! Henry Seligman deliberately styled it for all-purpose use. Carry it casually for sport and street wear. It really goes with everything! And you knittin' kittens'll find it holds all your paraphernalia easily. You'll be glad it's a large, roomy purse without being bulky. Framed in smart gold-plate, it sports a zipper compartment outside for locating small change in a hurry. An oval gusset on the bottom helps it keep that fine stand up alone shape. What is especially nice is the elegant tapestry Henry Seligman used. You know, tapestry is the last word this early spring. Order it now. Use coupon on page 27 or write directly to Lansburgh's, Art Needle Work, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C. *Plus Federal tax 20%.*



#10 JIB SHIRT BY RHODA LEE $3.95
Heave a-ho for happy compliments when you sail forth in this merry new jib blouse! Rhoda Lee turned cotton broadcloth into the neatest bit of nautical flattery seen in a pirate's age. Just pipe that middy-styled collar you can wear up or down, and the V-neck! Those are leg o'mutton sleeves, the very latest in style. See the gay 4-button front with matching button fly back. You're sure to be seen coming and going when you wear this new jib shirt. Striped broadcloth is preshrunk, washes and irons like a hanky. In stripes of red, navy, green, brown, black or purple on white. In mellow solid colors: white, navy, jade green, red, black, pink, blue, maize or tangerine. Sizes 32 to 38. Use the order coupon on page 27, or write Lansburgh's, Blouses, 2nd floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#8 LEG LOVELINESS BY LARKWOOD $1.65
If you long for lovelier legs, then try famous Larkwood! 3-V top keeps seams straight, gives a glamorous, sure fit. Sizes are proportioned: small 8½ to 10; medium 8½ to 11; tall 9½ to 11. Spring new colors: Indo-Chime (pale taupe), Sari-Beige (pale beige), Bronze Bell (Burmish beige), 51 gauge, 15 denier, 3 prs., $4.80. Lansburgh's, Washington 4, D. C. Hosiery, Street Floor.

Julia Adams Co-starring in Universal-International's "Bend of the River." Color by Technicolor.



You will be a thrifty shopper when you buy any of these wonderful "finds of the month," in person or by mail from Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C. To order by mail write letter or use coupon on page 27.



#19 LIKE MOTHER—LIKE DAUGHTER
She wants to be the image of mother, and here is her chance. Smartly styled—look alikes by Jack Borgenicht in tissue soft chambray with tucked detail and crisp white accent. In sunset pink, seafoam green, sky blue. Mother sizes, 10-18, $8.95, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Fl., daughter sizes 7-12, $5.99, 3-6x, $4.99, Girls Wear, 4th Fl., 1-3, $3.99. Lansburgh's, Washington 4, D.C.



#5 TAM O'SHANTER BASQUES, & MATCHING SOCKS.
Your boys will look like little gentlemen in the Easter Parade in Tam O'Shanter's basques. They're color-fast cotton. Socks of fine cotton, with nylon reinforced heel and toe. The 2-button club collar shirt in navy, brown or green combinations. Sizes 3-6, 6-18, $1.99. Socks 39¢. Multi-striped crew necked basque comes in brown, navy or green combinations, sizes 3-6, $1.49; 6-18, $1.69. Socks 99¢. Lansburgh's, Girls & Boys, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#13 PARTY TIME BY TINY TOWN $4.99, $5.99
Take her to a party in this dainty frock. She'll look like a Valentine framed by the lingerie embroidered organdy Bertha collar. Tiny Town shaped it of lustrous cotton broadcloth in little girl sizes 3-6x at $4.99. Big sister sizes 7-12 at $5.99. In Bermuda coral, cypress green. Lansburgh's, Girls & Teens, 4th Fl., Washington, D. C.



#15 EVERYONE LIKES PICKWICK $3.99
For the little man around your house, it's a Pickwick poplin jacket. It's Zelan treated to guard against foul weather, your son is kept warm and dry. Faced with a colorful sanforized plaid, it's guaranteed washable. Girls like these neat-looking and practical jackets too. Girls sizes 7 to 14. Teens 12 to 20; sizes 6 to 20 for boys. Matching caps are $1.00. In vat-dyed colors: hunter green, red, royal blue, copen blue, tan, yellow, gray. Lansburgh's, Girls, Teens & Boys, 4th Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#9 WRISLEY'S BATH SUPERBE SOAP $1.25*

For a refreshed, luxurious sense of glowing cleanliness, try Wrisley's the next time you bathe. Whether you take a quick shower before an early date, or leisurely soak your cares away, you'll love the way it lathers into rich foamy suds. Smooth textured Wrisley's makes a marvelous beauty aid. You'll love the tantalizing perfume that lingers, and the delicately colored cakes of soap, pretty just to look at. With every Four Cake Box of Wrisley's Bath Superbe Soap, you receive an extra bath-size bar as a gift. Everyone likes a long lasting soap, and so will you when you discover Wrisley's never seems to disappear! That's because it's a fine, French-milled soap. It's Wrisley's if you're looking for a special gift to please. Every trip to the tub becomes an exciting event with this soothing soap. Pine, carnation, bouquet, verbena, gardenia, apple blossom. Lansburgh's, Cosmetics, Street Fl. Wash. 4, D.C.

smart coming and going!..



seamless stockings

all-purpose sheer $1.50
dullace sheer $1.50
demi-toe, nude heel $1.65
short, medium, long
=18



#11 PERFUME THAT DARES TO BE DIFFERENT

Hollywood stars glitter with beauty and enchantment. And because the woman of your life must be stunning in every respect, they know the importance of a subtle, exciting perfume. That's what Suspicion is . . . alluring yet soft in its appeal. Rare and rich, it's bound to make you proud to wear it. Dab a tiny touch on your arms, throat, hair, and you'll feel like a desirable and different woman. That's what Suspicion was created to do. It's an inspiring fragrance and you'll be thrilled wearing it. Perfume: purse size $3.00; ¼ oz. $5.50, ½ oz. $10, 1 oz. $18. Eau de Toilette: 2 oz. $2.00, 4 oz. $3.75, 6 oz. $5.00. Dusting Powder $1.50, Bubble Bath, $1.25, Soap (3 cakes) $1.50 and Gift Zebra $5.50, all plus 20% federal excise tax except soap. Order from the coupon on page 27 or write to Lansburgh's, Cosmetics, Street Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#4 LOOK! NEMO-KINS FIT YOU! $3.95

Believe it or not, Nemo-Kins by Kops Brothers fit a doll, and it fits you! Yes, this doll-size girdle and panty actually fits women! Famous Nemo designed it of knitted two-way stretch nylon and elastic, with four garters to hold hose snugly. And just watch your hips whittle down to doll size with Nemo-Kins. You'll get plenty of wear from Nemo-Kins, because it moves with you. No need to tell you that it'll wash speedily and dry before you can say Nemo-Kins. Well, almost that fast. The small size fits a waist 24-25-26 inches; medium 26-27-28; large 28-29-30. And it only comes in hard to find white! Use the blank provided for making your shopping easier on page 27, or write to Lansburgh's, Corsetry, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#12 PLASTIC SLEEPY TIME PALS $2.79

When you crawl into bed and bemoan the rumpled sheets, try this Hollywood trick for keeping bedwear smooth and clean. Cover your mattress with an attractive Tedlee mattress protector with nylon stitching. It's terrific for folks with allergies, because it keeps feather dust from flying, locks out dirt and dust. To clean, just whisk a damp cloth over the surface. It's waterproof, except for the seams, and it zips on and off with extra long 70-inch 3-way zipper. Made of heavy gauge vinyl plastic, it'll wear and wear! You can have pillow covers to match. Order both the mattress cover and pillow protector and keep your bed slick and clean. Now for colors: In blue, maize, coral, green, or clear plastic. The pillow protector is 45¢, and the mattress cover $2.79 for both double and twin size mattress. Order by coupon on page 27 or write to Lansburgh's, Domestics, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



Princess®

100% PLASTIC

Shelf-n-Edge

At long last, a clever idea for keeping shelves fresh and pretty. Water-grease-fadeproof, it's keen to keep clean with a damp cloth. Guaranteed to lie flat on metal or wood shelf without fastening. Folds easily on a permanently creased line, forming luscious looking edges. Two pretty patterns make it seem hand embroidered on sheer white organdy material! Rosebuds or polka dots in yellow, red, blue or green on white.

12 ft. roll..... $1
30 ft. roll.....$2.50

Order from Lansburgh's, Linens & Domestics, 3rd Fl., Washington 4, D. C. #23



don't look now, but...

here comes the bride

Nobody's going to do a double-take when Ronnie and Nancy walk down the aisle. They've had that "about-to-be-married" look for over a year.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Almost any night you care to drive down Beverly Boulevard in Hollywood and then pull into the parking lot beside Dave Chasen's fancy restaurant, you are more than likely to run into Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis. You can almost set your watch by the time they arrive in Ronnie's car—seven-forty-five—and walk through the front door of the famous cafe.

Inside there is no waiting. The lobby can be full of tourists and Hollywood big shots, but Ronnie and Nancy push right through them and are escorted to a front line table where a neat "reserved" sign is whisked away and a waiter hurries up with a menu. They dine slowly and then, for an hour or so, sit back with coffee and visit with the table-hoppers.

Yes, almost any night you will be able to observe this little scene, and, if you are like most folks, you will attach little importance to it. But you will be wrong. It is highly significant. It is very significant, indeed. *(Continued on page 91)*

The face that
Everyone is talking about—

POND'S

Angel Face



in its stunning new

Mirror Case

It's foundation and powder in-one! Incomparably becoming . . . and so beautifully *uncomplicated!* That's why more women are using Pond's Angel Face than any other complexion make-up!

—no greasy fingertips!
—no wet sponge!
—no loose, spilly powder!

Just smooth the Angel Face puff over your face and *at once,* little skin flaws hide beneath a delicate, velvety finish that *stays on—much* longer than powder! "Really, Angel Face is *unique* among make-ups," Mrs. John A. Roosevelt says.



Delicate, sweet-tinted, incredibly flattering—this is your Angel Face by Pond's!

Tuck the pretty new Mirror Case in your handbag—and you have everything you need to sweeten up *anytime!* Mirror, puff and *heavenly* Angel Face! "It's a boon to my handbag—so slim, and it can't spill," says Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. "And Angel Face gives my skin such smooth color!" In 6 pretty skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case is just $1*



Angel Face also comes in this well-loved blue-and-gold box, at 89¢ and 59¢.*

(plus tax)



Young America is finding out

The Younger Generation (the feminine half of it!) has been a powerful force in spreading a knowledge of Tampax as the sanitary protection for women during "those days" of the month. . . . Sales in women's-college towns prove the campus popularity of Tampax and the hometown circle quickly learns to follow the discoveries of Miss Undergraduate.

Every woman should understand Tampax, which is very different from the older forms of protection. But also it is *very simple*. It is made of pure absorbent cotton and designed by a doctor to be worn *internally*. Dainty one-time-use applicators make insertion quick and convenient.

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOR

Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads. Eliminates odor and chafing. Cannot "show through" in ridges or bulges. And you cannot even *feel* the Tampax! . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. A full month's supply will fit into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK—*I'd Like To Baby You* by Robert Q. Lewis (MGM). *Life Is A Beautiful Thing* by Evelyn Knight & Perry Botkin (Decca).
If you like Robert Q. as a TV personality you'll go for the way he handles this newly-fashioned ditty with an old-fashioned sound.

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS—*Love Is Here To Stay* by Gene Kelly (MGM); David Rose* (MGM).
Still one of the great Gershwin tunes, this opus is given a double-sided break by MGM. On one side is Gene Kelly's version from the film's sound-track; on the reverse is a handsome instrumental treatment by David Rose.

BELLE OF NEW YORK—*Oops!* by Debbie Reynolds* (MGM).
A cute little ditty by Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren, from the new Fred Astaire vehicle.

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS—title song by Doris Day** (Columbia); Leroy Holmes* (MGM); Bing Crosby* (Decca); Ray Anthony (Capitol); George Siravo (Mercury); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Hugo Winterhalter (Victor); Nick Perito (Coral). *Swingin' Down The Lane* by Bing Crosby* (Decca); Ralph Flanagan* (Victor); Lawrence Welk (Coral); Helen Forrest (MGM).
I Wish I Had A Girl by Blue Barron (MGM); Doris Day* (Columbia); Al Jolson (Decca).
We could run on for columns if we tried to list all the records that have been made of Gus Kahn's songs. A couple of dozen of them are heard in this movie based on his life, with Danny Thomas as the great tunesmith and Doris Day as his wife.
If you're curious about how close the film comes to reality, Gus Kahn was born in Coblenz, Germany, Nov. 1886, and died in Beverly Hills ten years ago last October. He went to California in 1933 to write for pictures, after his Broadway musicals *Whoopee* and *Show Girl* had scored big hits.
He wrote, in our opinion, more great songs than Irving Berlin; among them *Pretty Baby, Carolina In The Morning, My Buddy, Love Me Or Leave Me, It Had To Be You, Chloe, Carioca, I Never Knew, The Hour Of Parting, Yes Sir That's My Baby, The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else.* What a record! And, as we look through our private collection, what records!

LENA HORNE—Lena Horne Sings** (MGM).
Hope you agree with our feeling that Lena Horne would be a great and successful singer even if she weren't so beautiful. Anyway, here's the evidence, some of it from soundtracks of her MGM pictures with conductor-husband Lennie Hayton wielding a brilliant baton; and some sides with a band led by pianist Luther Henderson.
Titles include *Deed I Do* (of course!), *The Lady Is A Tramp*, and the wonderful *Can't Help Lovin' That Man.*

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY—*Manhattan* by Tony Martin and Dinah Shore* (Victor); Jimmy Dorsey (Columbia); Lee Wiley** (Columbia).
Best treatment of this great old Rodgers and Hart song is the warm, intimate Lee Wiley version; but to get it you have to buy her whole album (or LP) entitled *Night In Manhattan.* Which, come to think of it, isn't a bad idea.

POPULAR

NAT (KING) COLE—*A Weaver Of Dreams** (Capitol).
A warm and sentimental vocal job by Nat on the new ballad by Victor Young and Ned Washington (they wrote *Ghost Of A Chance*).

ALAN DEAN—*Blue Moon** (Roost).
England's No. 1 ballad singer, who's won all the polls over there, recently settled in this country. *Blue Moon* and the backing, *So In Love*, were made in England. By the time you read this his first American recordings will be out on MGM. He's a really fine singer, combining the best elements of the old Sinatra and touches of Eddie Fisher and Eckstine, plus a personality of his own.

BILLY ECKSTINE—*Take Me Back** (MGM).
A typical ballad for Billy's fans. Incidentally he can now be seen in his long-delayed first movie, *Skirts Ahoy* for MGM. Other side of this disc is another version of the tune mentioned above in the Nat Cole listing, *Weaver Of Dreams.*

RALPH FLANAGAN—*Just One More Chance** (Victor).
Harry Prime sings a fine old ballad that was a Bing favorite many years ago. Other side is an instrumental called *Dixie Jump;* a little tepid for us—we'd rather take our Dixie-cups straight.

DANNY KAYE—*There's a Hole In The Bottom Of The Sea* (Decca).
This has limited appeal unless you're under eight. Danny's humor needs stronger material when you can't see him.

JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG-GORDON JENKINS—*Sleepy Time Down South** (Decca).
Satchmo's latest version of his theme song, which he first recorded before many of his present-day fans were born, has a fine orchestral setting by Gordon Jenkins. The latest Armstrong movie, by the way, entitled *Glory Alley,* is reported to give him his best and biggest acting role to date.

ERROLL GARNER—*Fine And Dandy* (Columbia).
The nimble keyboard wizard is at his best on this, and hits his mellowest mood with the other side, *Sophisticated Lady.*

GENE KRUPA TRIO—LP record (Mercury).
The drumming ace is reunited with his former tenor sax star, Charlie Ventura, to re-record some of their old hits such as *Dark Eyes, Stomping At The Savoy* and *The Man I Love.* Pianist Teddy Napoleon rounds out the trio.

OSCAR PETERSON—*Peterson At Carnegie Hall** (Mercury).
One of our favorite pianists in some of his best performances.

COUNTRY AND WESTERN

COWBOY COPAS—*'Tis Sweet To Be Remembered* (King).

RAY PRICE—*Weary Blues* (Columbia).

HANK WILLIAMS—*Baby, We're Really In Love* (MGM)

ELLIOT LAWRENCE-ROSALIND PATTON-COWBOY COPAS—*Don't Leave My Poor Heart Breaking** (King).
Interesting combination of Elliot Lawrence's strictly Eastern swing band, his girl singer and a Western vocal favorite.

So quick! So easy!
and no other make-up

looks and feels so naturally lovely!



It's Pan-Stik*! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up, **as easy to apply as lipstick.** Shortens your make-up time to just seconds. **No puff, no sponge, no streaking.**

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of "made-up" look. Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's loveliest stars—and now brought to you. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness with perfect results guaranteed* the very first time you use it.



Just stroke it on! Pan-Stik's unique form makes it so simple and quick. Just apply a few light strokes to nose, forehead and chin, with Pan-Stik itself. No messy fingernail deposits as with cream cake make-up; no dripping as with liquid. And Pan-Stik tucks away neatly in your purse for unexpected touch-ups No spilling, no leaking.



A little does so much! Pan-Stik Make-Up spreads far more easily just with the fingertips, blends more evenly than any other kind of make-up. Never becomes greasy or shiny. Covers more perfectly, clings far longer. No hourly touch-ups necessary. Your skin always feels and looks so fresh—young—*naturally* lovely.



Pan-Stik by MAX Factor

New cream make-up in stick form

$1.60 *plus tax.* In 7 enchanting shades—to harmonize with any complexion. *At leading drug and department stores.*

***Guarantee:** Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, *the very first time you use it*, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

CORINNE CALVET
as she looks when away from the cameras.
This vivacious young actress
is now appearing in

"SAILOR BEWARE"
a Hal Wallis Production
a Paramount Picture

One of the many Hollywood beauties who enhance their fresh, glowing, *natural* loveliness with Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up . . . wherever they go . . . whatever they do!

To harmonize with her blond coloring and medium complexion, Corinne uses "Medium" Pan-Stik.

New Beauty Miracle!



Created by Procter & Gamble

New Prell leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'

...actually more radiant than cream or soap shampoos!

More Radiant! New Prell's cleansing action is *amazing!* Ounce for ounce it leaves hair *more radiant than any other leading shampoo!* Your very first shampoo will show you the difference, no matter what soap or cream shampoo you may have been using.

Softer! New Prell leaves your hair *softer*, too, than cream or soap shampoos! So soft, so smooth, so immaculately clean . . . yet so *easy* to manage. Why, curls and waves practically *fall* into place.

Younger-Looking! After New Prell, your hair has a *younger* look—it sparkles with enchanting radiance and glowing natural loveliness, even though it seemed dull or "lifeless" before. You'll just love this thrilling new shampoo miracle—try New Prell today for hair that's "*radiantly alive*"!

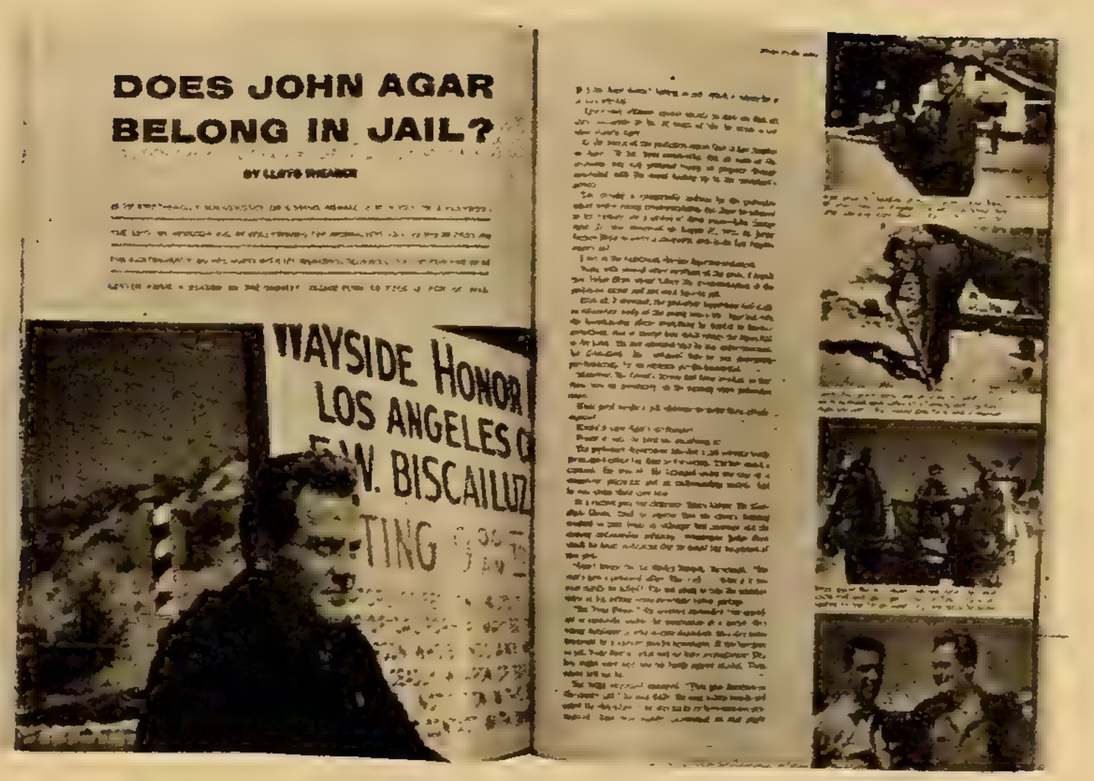
Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee!

Try one shampoo with New Prell—and if you can't see how much more sparkling and "radiantly alive" your hair is . . . return the tube and the unused portion to New Prell, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, and you will receive *double your money back* from Procter & Gamble.



DOES JOHN AGAR BELONG IN JAIL?

In December, Modern Screen asked its readers, "Is John Agar emotionally maladjusted, or a social menace—a sick boy or a play boy?" In that issue an accompanying article by Lloyd Shearer on Agar's imprisonment encouraged one of the greatest floods of reader mail Modern Screen has ever received. So sharply contrasted were the opinions that two letters (instead of one) were chosen for publication, and $200 will be awarded. The editors appreciate the response to this controversal article and herewith present the two letters which best reflect the most opposite points of view.



YES

Dear Mr. Saxon,

I purchased the December issue of MODERN SCREEN *solely because of the caption on the cover, "Does John Agar Belong in Jail?" Without opening the magazine, and unaware of the award for opinions, I mentally replied, "Yes."*

Having read the article, and with or without $100, my answer is, "Yes, naturally, and of course, John Agar belongs in jail." Furthermore, cheers for Judge Vernon Hunt for refusing to place the blame for the latest Agar peccadillo on Shirley Temple's slim shoulders. Poor Shirley! Will she never be free?

As to Lloyd Shearer, did Sonny or Mama Agar hire him for this whitewashing detail? Or is it all in the name of the god, Publicity? Drunkenness, arrests, and jail sentences have at least kept John Agar in the public eye since he apparently can't accomplish this by talent.

Someone should advise Mama and Lloyd Shearer that a person does not take anti-alcohol drugs because a person has been "three times in his life slightly tipsy," or by "drinking no more than other young men," that plenty of young men who are inevitably "a part of the cultural pattern of our civilization, a civilization where many people drink to excess to escape the strains of ordinary living" do not drink at all. As for "one bad break after another," didn't Mama ever hear of anyone who had real trouble (Continued on page 99)

NO

Dear Mr. Saxon,

I agree with Mr. Lloyd Shearer—John Agar does not belong in jail.

Mr. Agar is just one more victim of our society's ruling that jails are the punishment for crimes, regardless of the nature or circumstances in which the crime was committed.

It is often the case that, because we haven't learned how to deal with different levels of misbehavior, we throw them all into the same pot, making the lesser criminals into bigger ones by putting them under the influence of hardened criminals.

John Agar is not a criminal. I do not think he is even a delinquent, unless we also choose to call every young man who drives a car while slightly under the influence of alcohol a delinquent. I think it would be highly improbable that we would sentence all of these drunken driving offenders to prison terms . . . our jails would be bulging at the seams, if we did. Why, then, did young John Agar get the full treatment?

I have my own theory about that. Mr. Agar is a celebrity. Mr. Agar is a "Hollywoodite," and Mr. Agar is rather wealthy, according to layman's standards. These three reasons add up to "Who does he think he is?" in many people's opinions.

Regardless of the man involved, many people tend to want to "get even" for what one man has, and (Continued on page 105)

LANA'S LATIN LOVER

by Maurice Saunders

LANA'S IN LOVE AGAIN—BUT

■ When they're making a picture, actresses work six days a week and rest on Sunday so that on Monday the camera can accurately record their perfect loveliness.

After resting for six consecutive Sundays during the filming of *The*

HOW SOON WILL IT BE BEFORE SHE STARTS SINGING, "SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE HIM AWAY!"?

Merry Widow, Lana Turner decided that on the seventh Sunday she'd celebrate. When Turner celebrates, there is nothing halfway about it. On this particular Sunday, she chartered a DC-3 and flew her whole gang to Tijuana, Mexico, for an exciting afternoon at the bull fights.

When the last bull had been killed, Lana, logically enough, went out with Antonio Velasquez, the chief matador.

Reporters asked Lana if Antonio were her latest heart interest, and the beautiful blonde answered with a smile. "Boys," she said, "you have the wrong Bull of the Pampas."

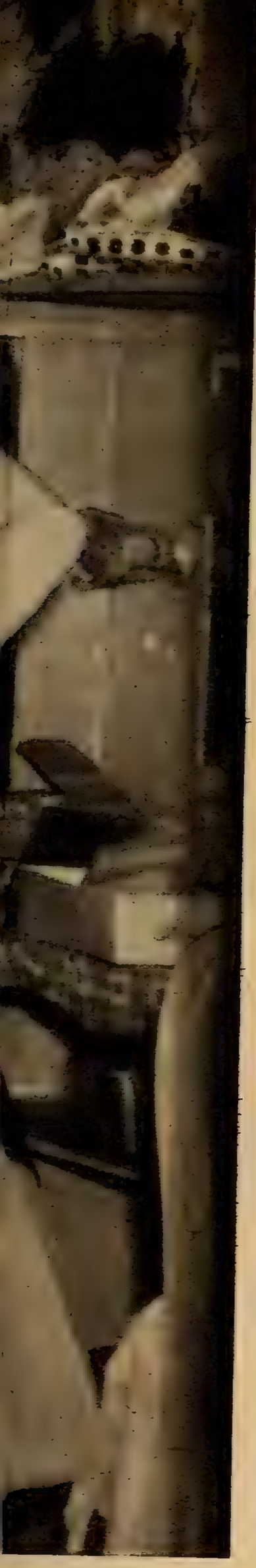
What Lana meant was that the right Bull of the Pampas was (and is) Fernando Lamas, her tall, dark and handsome leading man in *The Merry Widow.* (*Continued on page 84*)



Girls! Girls! Girls! Whether in Paris or at New York's Copacabana, Farley just can't get enough of beautiful chorus dolls like these.

after shelley-what?

by Vicki Blodgett



He'll give you a ring anytime, but it won't be a diamond. Now that Shelley's found Vittorio, Farley's busy spreading himself around.

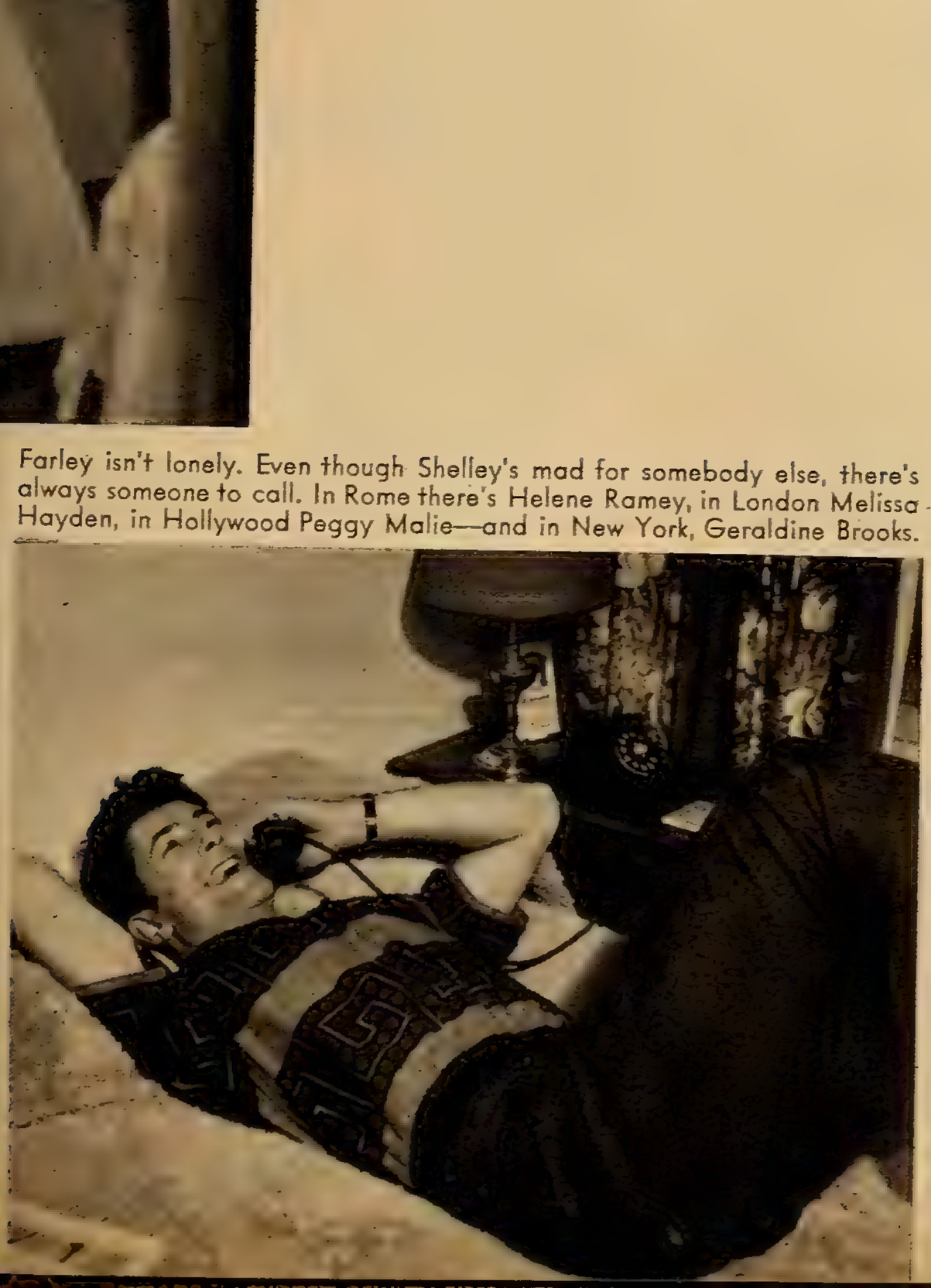
Night life in Paris sometimes extends to the Halles Centrales, a giant produce depot near the Louvre, where practically all the city's perishable food is brought to be sorted for distribution. Workmen feverishly busy from midnight on, usually pay little attention to the revelers who wind up their play with onion soup at one of the many cafes in the district. But one dawn, a few months ago, they stopped their stooping and hauling for a sight which was too astonishing to disregard. A huge bevy of girls seemed to be skipping and running down the street into their midst.

At second sight it turned out to be very nearly the same thing as at first sight, but now they could count eight or nine girls who were somehow crammed into, above, or around a small, English two-seater runabout driven by a boy. The springs of the car were squawking louder than the horn, the girls were screaming happily and the boy was doing a masterful job despite the legs and arms interlaced all about him. A moment later he stopped the car at one of the restaurants, and after some general untangling, accompanied by merry squealing, all of them disappeared inside. The workmen smiled at each other before going back to work. This was more like it, their expressions seemed to say. This was like the gay Paris of old.

The boy would have agreed with them—even though all he knew about the gay Paris of old was what he had read. But if this was it, it sure agreed with Farley Granger. And as it was in Paris that morning, so it was in Rome, and in London. Now that he is back in Hollywood he smiles reminiscently and hopes that he'll be having those times, with those same girls again. Farley, who loves his friends, even if as yet he's had no loves, makes no attempt to hide what he is—a young man serious about his work, but not overly serious about life.

Two years ago when June Haver and Pat Neal kidded him about forming an "Ex-Farley (*Continued on page 72*)

Farley isn't lonely. Even though Shelley's mad for somebody else, there's always someone to call. In Rome there's Helene Ramey, in London Melissa Hayden, in Hollywood Peggy Malie—and in New York, Geraldine Brooks.



As soon as Farley returned from Europe, he said he was going to spend Christmas in New York. Friends think the reason is Geraldine Brooks who deserted the movies for TV in the East.





When Shelley Winters
falls, it's with a crash. Now the
whole world knows she's
mad about Italy's biggest heart-
throb—Vittorio Gassmann.

BY JIM BURTON

BANG

went the strings of her heart!

■ Ever since her first marriage collapsed six years ago, Shelley Winters has been searching for love. Now, at last, she's found it, and it's affecting her like a super-charged bomb. She's on fire, she's ecstatic, she's breathless. The man responsible is a 29-year-old Italian actor named Vittorio Gassmann, whose mild manner and soulful brown eyes contrast romantically with Shelley's dynamic personality.

"When he's free," Shelley says, "I'm going to marry him. I really am. I'm very much in love with Vittorio. It's entirely different than it was with Farley Granger. Farley and I just played around together—like kids. After all, Farley is three years younger than I am. But what I feel for Vittorio—that's something else again. That's love.

"Just think," she says. "I sent him a cable that said I'M LONELY AND I'M SENDING YOU A KISS and then he sent me a cable that said, I'M LONELY TOO AND I'M RETURNING YOUR KISS. But I never thought that he would fly to California all the way from Italy just to spend six days with me.

"He must feel pretty strong about me to fly all the way from Rome. Think of the trouble, the expense. He's wonderful. He really is. I've never met anyone like Vittorio before."

Oddly enough, Shelley met Vittorio while she was supposedly touring Europe with Farley Granger last November.

Actually, there has never been anything serious between Farley and Shelley. They dated each other because it was good publicity, it was fun and they were both very much interested in acting.

When they arrived in Paris last winter they went their own ways. Farley remained in Paris, and Shelley journeyed on to Rome.

One night in Rome she visited the Teatro Valle, a theater run by Frank Lattimore, the English actor. He recognized Shelley when she called backstage and invited her to a party.

Shelley accepted immediately, but she didn't have a date. "Don't worry," said Lattimore, "I'll get you one."

He phoned Vittorio Gassmann, but Gassmann (*Continued on page 99*)



When Liz met Michael Wilding three years ago, she never dreamed they'd fall in love, become 1952's most publicized couple!

LIZ DOES IT AGAIN

by Hedda Hopper

By the time you read this, Elizabeth Taylor will be Mrs. Michael Wilding. Whether Liz and Michael marry in Hollywood, in England or in Mexico, the British actor will be husband number two for our great screen beauty.

Liz to me has been the Helen of Troy of Hollywood, just as Helen must have been the Liz Taylor of Troy. Both represent Beauty in their time, plus a remarkable talent for getting into situations.

Helen started a war. If men went to battle over women today, Liz would touch off many an incident. But wars are colder things now, so she'll probably go down in history as the gal who hit top score in male conquests.

Romance, for her, has been swift, impassioned and full of ups and downs. At 19 she has two broken engagements, one divorce, an interrupted near-engagement to her credit. Now comes Wilding, the Englishman with whom she'll take a second fling at matrimony. Liz doesn't admit this in so many words. She doesn't need to; she wears a huge sapphire set in platinum and surrounded by diamonds on her third finger—it speaks for itself.

Wilding is a new type for Liz Taylor. He is balding, officially 39 but more often referred to as mid-fortyish. But he could give Casanova lessons in how to kiss a lady's hand. He is a big wheel in British movies and off-stage has tremendous personality and charm—such charm he can make his superiority in years over Elizabeth seem to be an asset. In romance, Wilding is a sophisticate—he has been married and just recently has been divorced—and he is a post-graduate of the Marlene (*Continued on page* 96)

Hedda knows all about Liz' latest romance, and here she tells plenty! It's the inside story about the dazzling beauty who set the film colony on its ear.

Michael (left) and Stewart Granger are old friends—so naturally a strong bond sprang up between look-alikes Liz and Jean Simmons.



there is no JEFF CHANDLER

Take a big boy from Brooklyn and turn him into a star. Sometimes he can't believe it. Jeff can't. They keep calling him Chandler; he says, "Who, me?"

BY KATHERINE ALBERT



Louella Parsons was exactly correct when she made her 1950 radio prediction that Jeff and Debra Paget would be stars.



Jeff is happily back with his girls—wife Marjorie and daughters Jamie and Dana. During his seven-month separation from Marjorie, Jeff saw a lot of his children, even moved them into the house they all share now.

■ Most people think they can tell a lot about a person by the way he looks. You figure a small, balding guy has to be a hen-pecked milquetoast, and a big-busted, lush girl must be a sex boat. But it ain't necessarily so. The little fellow may turn out to be a lion, and the size 38 can be nothing but a mouse.

Jeff Chandler looks like a movie star, but try to convince him he is one. He thinks of himself as Ira Grossel—and that's all. Gable's a star. Crawford's a star. But Jeff Chandler? As far as Ira's concerned, Chandler doesn't even exist! Take the time a group of stars went out on the Movietime, U.S.A. show. John Wayne was in the troupe and when he was introduced everyone cheered, Jeff right along with them. Then Jeff Chandler was introduced, and the cheers were almost as great. "I felt like the pretender to the throne. I felt the way the pretender must feel," Jeff said. "It was thrilling to hear the people, but it was difficult to realize they were applauding me in the same way and for the same reasons I had applauded so many movie stars just a few years ago. And I kept thinking, 'They just don't know. They don't understand. I don't feel like a movie star.' "

There are lots of contradictions in Jeff Chandler. His eyes have the wise look of a man who's lived forever, but he's only 33. He looks as if he'd flirt with every pretty babe, but during the seven months he was separated from his wife he was lonely and miserable. He

Part of the price Jeff paid for fame was a serious break with wife Marjorie. Luckily, both realized they were still in love, are now happily reconciled.

gives off an air of sophistication, but when he meets a celebrity he's almost speechless. There was the time, for instance, when he met Clark Gable. Gable had come to the Universal-International Studios to look over the work of a certain director. Afterwards, he lunched in the commissary with a studio executive. Jeff happened to come into the commissary and when he spotted Gable he couldn't believe his eyes. He walked past the table three times to make sure. Finally, he said, "Well, won't somebody introduce us?" Somebody finally did.

Gable stood up and shook hands. "Then he smiled at me," Jeff said, remembering. "And that really did it. Then turning to the executive who introduced us, he said, 'You sure grow 'em tall over here.'"

Jeff remembers every look, every word the great man said. This is not the way you'd expect a man who has the very same appeal as Gable to act. But that's Jeff, and one of the keys to understanding (*Continued on page* 105)



Ann Sheridan was his trouble-time pal.



June Allyson, queen for the second year, wouldn't let go of her trophy at MODERN SCREEN's annual popularity poll party at Ciro's. She was with Dick Powell, Geary Steffen and Jane Powell.



Dale Robertson and MODERN SCREEN editor Chuck Saxon inspected the silver tray Dale won as "most popular male newcomer of the year." Debbie Reynolds, who copped the "most popular" girl's newcomer prize was away on tour for MGM.



A ten-second hush fell over the party when June Haver and Dan Dailey sailed in together. Engrossed in each other, they nibbled hors d'oeuvres oblivious to the stir they were causing.



The party took on a "hearts and flowers" theme when such "happily marrieds" as the Don DeFores and the now reconciled Jeff Chandlers got together. (For more on Jeff, see page 46. M.S. guests braved a torrential rain to get there.

modern screen's
PARTY OF THE YEAR



Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were so overcome at finding their award citations right up near Ciro's entrance that they threatened to just stand there all evening looking at them. "This is a nice family affair," said Tony to his beaming bride.



Glenn Ford stopped by to receive congratulations from Mr. and Mrs. Keenan Wynn on being one of the "top ten." Glenn wrung out his topcoat on arrival, made a beeline for food.



Dell publisher George Delacorte couldn't resist the beaming faces of Doris Day and her husband, Marty Melcher. Happy Doris had plenty to smile about. She was not only among the "top ten" but won a most popular girl singer award.



KMPC's Jim McCulla broadcast right from a table at Ciro's with Dana Andrews and Joan Evans. The informal party provided enough material for two newsreels and two radio shows.

KEEP THE STARS FROM COMING OUT TO HOLLYWOOD'S EVENT OF THE YEAR—TO SEE WHO WAS WHO IN '51.

■ June Allyson was determined. She would not let go of her silver trophy.

"But, sweetheart," Dick Powell said. "You can't take it with you!"

"Oh, no?" said June, practically wrapping it in the folds of her new velvet party dress. "This is the second time I've won it, and I'm not going to let it go."

This family squabble took place in just about the center of Ciro's at MODERN SCREEN's big (not to say colossal) party for the winners of its 1951 popularity poll. June Allyson was the Queen and she was proud enough to let the whole world know it. Even MODERN SCREEN's editor Charles Saxon couldn't wheedle her into putting that trophy down.

"But you're going to dinner now," he said. "And you don't want to lug *that* along."

"Oh, no?" said June. "This cup not only goes with me, but for a whole week you will find it right in the middle of the living room."

Editor Saxon was properly overcome. After all, he had just heard a tribute to MODERN SCREEN readers all over the world. In fact, he had just heard a summing up of all Hollywood's attitude toward the first big event of the season.

Later, Dana Andrews told a radio audience, "This is one party of the year I wouldn't miss. (*Continued on next page*)

PARTY OF THE YEAR continued

We know that MODERN SCREEN's Annual Awards are the on-the-level-result of movie-goers' opinions of us all."

"Not only that," said Van Heflin, "but in my opinion, these awards are prophetic. The winners here tonight—some of them, at least—will be taking Oscars home in the not too distant future." And Van Heflin, who has one himself, ought to know.

But to get to the party—and almost everyone in Hollywood did—it was one of those blowouts that was just for fun. There were no hour-long speeches, not a stuffed shirt in sight. And you never saw so many celebrities in your life. The few who couldn't come sent their love, and top-man John Wayne, who was in Acapulco, sent his voice. This might sound difficult, but it wasn't with Louella Parsons around.

"Hand me a phone," said Louella, and with the phone came Mexico.

"Hello, Duke," said Louella. "I want to tell you that you've won MODERN SCREEN's popularity prize for 1951, and I'm arranging to have the award sent down to you for an official presentation."

Not only was the award delivered 24 hours later—in person—but the person was Hedy Lamarr. She gave the silver cup to John amidst a gathering of high Mexican government officials.

By the way, you may have heard Louella's memorable call on her Sunday ABC radio program. And Jim McCulla's table-hopping interviews were broadcast over the Liberty network. Cameramen from both MGM and 20th Century-Fox brought the party to you via newsreel.

If you caught the newsreel you may have imagined that the party went off like a charm, but it didn't—anyway, not at the beginning. An hour before the event, MODERN SCREEN's editors sat bleakly next to a window watching the torrential rains. "That noise you hear," said Hollywood editor Carl Schroeder, "is my career going down the drain."

But suddenly in walked Glenn Ford with our publisher, George Delacorte. "Don't let that mist bother you," Glenn said. "Let's just wring out our topcoats, pull up a chair and see what happens. I had to skip lunch today, and with a little luck I can eat my way through at least half of those magnificent hors d'oeuvres."

Glenn didn't get a chance to see if he could make it, though. Hedda Hopper arrived, dry as toast under one of her huge hats, and then the doors literally burst open at Ciro's.

John Wayne's great and good friend, Grant Withers arrived, to "sit in for the Duke" as he explained it, and was promptly joined by the Forrest Tuckers, the Bill Holdens (he's one of MODERN SCREEN's almost perpetual top ten, it seems), Piper Laurie, Dorothy Lamour, the Larry Parks, the Bill Bendixes and Bill Demarest.

"I didn't come with nobody," Bill Demarest said, "but I got a reason for coming. You see, them two boys, Duke Wayne and Alan Ladd are old buddies of mine. I talked to Alan in Palm Springs this morning, and he told me I got to get dolled up and get on over here on account of he can't show up, what with his kids being sick. So he's (*Continued on page 104*)



Top winner John Wayne couldn't make the party (he was in Mexico) but Louella Parsons interviewed him by radio hook-up and later, Hedy Lamarr flew to Acapulco with Duke's trophy.



Marty Melcher, Doris Day and Chuck Saxon couldn't resist leaving fingerprints on the silver trophies. The M.S. photographers took over 50 pictures in the course of the party.



Louella Parsons and Doris Day stepped up to share the glow around Ronald Reagan and his constant companion, Nancy Davis. Nancy never took her eyes off Ronnie.



anything you can do, I can do better



"No, you can't!" says Glenn Ford. "Yes, I can!" says Bill Holden. And so Hollywood's battling buddies continue to slug it out for top man.

BY JIM HENAGHAN



Glenn and Bill flipped coins to see "who" played "what" in their co-starrer, *The Man From Colorado.* Originally Glenn was hired as an understudy for Bill back when Columbia filmed *Golden Boy.*

■ One morning recently Bill Holden got up from his breakfast table and casually said to his wife:

"Honey, I'm going to run into town for about an hour or so."

"Whatever for?" asked Brenda. "I thought you were going to loaf around the yard today."

"I just want to pick up a couple of things at the store," Bill said. "I won't be long." And he reached over and kissed her and was gone.

Brenda leaned over and took a look at the newspaper Bill had been reading while he ate. Then she picked it up and walked into the kitchen. The housekeeper was washing the dishes.

"You want to make me a little bet?" Brenda asked.

"What's that?" asked the housekeeper.

"I will bet," said Brenda, stabbing at a picture in the paper, "that Mr. Holden comes back here in an hour with some of those Slim Jim narrow neckties the men are beginning to wear."

The housekeeper looked at the picture. It was a shot of Glenn Ford getting off a plane, back from Europe. The camera appeared to have been focused on a fancy Slim Jim tie Glenn was wearing.

"You just wait and see," said Brenda.

An hour later Bill walked into the house and announced with a cheery yell that he was back. Brenda came to greet him.

"What have you got in the package there?" she asked.

"Oh," said Bill, "I just happened to pass a haberdashery and I saw some of those narrow neckties in the window, so I bought a few. I think I'll begin wearing them."

"That figures," said Brenda.

"What?" asked Bill.

"Nothing," said Brenda. "What do you want for lunch?"

It has always been that way, ever since Bill Holden and Glenn Ford have known each other. All Hollywood knows it, but neither Bill nor Glenn will admit it. Whatever one does—the other will do, and try to do it better. Whatever fad one starts, the other will pick it up—and claim he originated it. If Glenn Ford took up croquet tomorrow morning, (*Continued on page* 93)



Bill kibitzes while Glenn struggles through a card game with Ed Buchanan. The boys are "friendly and eternal enemies"—always trying to top each other one way or another both on screen and off.



Glenn and Bill watch their sons struggle to uproot "Safoot," a very stubborn mule. The Fords and Holdens are close, but the competitive spirit is visible even among the junior members of the two families.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL, BRING ON THE POKER CHIPS — SCOTT BRADY'S MODERN SET-UP HAS EVERY-

A large Braque reproduction dominates the living room and sets the pace for the modern decor. Functional but decorative furniture lends spacious-



The dramatic effect of the soft wall-to-wall drapery is heightened by the sharp lines of the low coffee table, the two huge chairs. All the wooden furniture has a natural blond finish so as not to show dust.



Paul Fox, Scott's decorator, chose the color scheme carefully. Paul's theory, with which Scott agrees, is that a monochrome room is more masculine than one full of color. But bright touches like the burnt-orange chair add interest.

THING BUT DANCING GIRLS TO MAKE A BACHELOR FEEL AT HOME!

by Marwa Peterson

Photos by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry



In addition to the balcony, Scott has a private patio in the back.



ness to Scott's compact three-room apartment.



Scott calls the bedroom his "Gold Room" because of the color scheme, but the fancy name doesn't stop him from throwing clothes around.

UP IN BRADY'S PLACE

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

■ It was six A.M. of a beautiful winter's day in Westwood Village, a small, fashionable community four miles from 20th Century-Fox.

In the low, white apartment house where Scott Brady lives, everyone was sleeping except Brady. The tall, tousle-headed kid from Brooklyn was preparing breakfast in the kitchen of his bachelor apartment. The preparation sounded like an atomic bomb somewhere in Nevada.

Pots and pans bounced off the floor, Scott's baritone voice bounced off the ceiling, towers of smoke swirled up from the frying pan, and water gushed from the taps at full speed.

The bedlam woke Scott's kid brother, Eddie, who happened to be spending the night up at Brady's place. He was sleeping in the soft, foam-rubbered daybed that serves as the living room couch. Eddie raised himself on one elbow. "For cryin' out loud," he shouted, "what's goin' on out there?"

"I'm getting breakfast," Scott shouted back.

Eddie got up and shuffled into the kitchen. (*Cont'd on next page*)



But there are drawbacks to even the rosiest set-up! Scott goes about washing windows cheerfully, however, knowing that it's a small price to pay for the independence and privacy he has.



The terrace, shielded from the sun by bamboo blinds, is a perfect place to relax, to entertain friends. Scott's especially fond of the wrought-iron railing, thinks it's very romantic.

"Hey, you don't have to go to all this trouble for me."

"No trouble," Scott said. "I do this every morning."

Eddie rubbed his scalp. "You do?" This was a surprise to the youngest of the Tierney clan, because when Gerald Tierney lived at home—that's Scott Brady's real name—he was the one Mom had to call and shake for 15 minutes before he'd even turn over, never mind get up.

Now here he was in his own kitchen, bare-foot, stripped to the waist, wearing only a pair of blue jeans and cooking like crazy. With a tumbler full of chilled orange juice in one hand, he stood in front of his stove shifting his attention from burner to burner. In one skillet a dozen slices of Canadian bacon sputtered beautifully. A chemex of coffee on the back burner sent up an appetizing aroma. And on another, Scott had set his *piece de resistance,* an omelet of eggs, chopped onions and cheddar cheese.

Eddie couldn't believe it. "You been goin' to a cooking school or something?"

Scott grinned. Like a master chef he flipped the omelet onto a platter, removed a tin of hot rolls from the oven, put the coffee on the table, and then motioned to his brother. "Sit down, kid," he said, "and have a little food."

Eddie sat, but the wonderment of it all was too much for him. "I don't get it," he confessed. "At home you never even ate breakfast."

"Gee, kid," Scott explained. "I couldn't ask Mom to fix me a big meal at six in the morning. I don't mind doing it myself, but you couldn't ask that of any woman, not even Mom. Besides, I like looking after myself."

Ever since Scott announced six months ago that he was leaving the Tierney family apartment to live alone, his folks have wondered why.

A friend suggested that perhaps Scott wanted to have a place of his own where he might entertain his friends, especially of the opposite sex. After all, there's a lot of competition in the Tierney family. Let Scott bring his date home and introduce her around, and the very next thing anyone knows, Scott's date is no longer Scott's. The girl has switched to Larry or Eddie.

When you ask Scott if this is the reason he took a bachelor apartment, he hedges and says, "Not at all. I just wanted a little privacy."

In direct contradiction to this explanation is the fact that Scott is rarely alone. In and out of his apartment, he is usually accompanied by one of his two brothers, his agent, or his stand-in.

Brady isn't particularly articulate or profound and sometimes he finds it difficult to explain things, but actually his bachelor apartment is simply part of his growing up, of going out on his own.

Scott isn't sure when the idea of looking for an apartment first struck him, but it probably coincided with Johnny Darrow's getting him a couple of big pictures at Universal and two at 20th Century. Johnny is a top agent who helped June Allyson, Gene (*Continued on page* 102)



Jane was a skinny, bossy sophomore at Van Nuys High when she met husband Bob.

At 18, Jane was a problem child trying desperately to grow up. So fervent was her search to find herself, she ran away from home . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN

a life of her own



Rumor is that Jane may yet adopt the 15-month-old child she and her mother brought back from London.

■ Her mother says simply, "I lost the reins."

Jane says, "I just had to go through all that. I'm not sure why . . . but I had to learn for myself."

These are the words with which they recall the time in Jane Russell's life two years before Hollywood discovered her when her teen-age idealism mixed oddly with the world as she found it . . . and she rebelled. For three months she stayed away from home, living with a girl friend, and trying to find herself. This was a period when her whole character was to be tested and her whole life shaped into its final mold. This was to be the emotional crisis of her youth . . .

Perhaps it all began during her last year of high school when the gang she traveled with became enamored of the free-spirited poets and writers, of Edna St. Vincent Millay, of Shelley and Byron and Thomas Wolfe . . .

"We used to gather at one girl's house, a girl whose dad worked nights, and drink burgundy while we read or listened to records," Jane has recalled. "Everything was quite arty but there didn't seem to be any pretence at highbrowism. Some of the kids came out with (*Continued on page 83*)

"SOMEBODY LOVES ME"

by sheilah graham

SOMEBODY LOVES HER, BUT BETTY'S TIRED OF WONDERING WHO. SHE WANTS A MAN NOW!

■ If Betty Hutton has convinced herself that Charles O'Curran has a brain, and that he will be a good father to her kids, the handsome young dance director and the blonde tempestuous star will be man and wife by the time you read this story. But if happy-go-lucky Charlie, who had proposed to Betty every hour on the hour for the past three months, had failed on either count, there'll be a new guy reading this issue of MODERN SCREEN in Betty's beautiful French Provincial front parlor.

Having covered every eventuality—I hope—let me tell you why a guy like O'Curran and a gal like Hutton get to be an inseparable item in Hollywood.

Betty, at 30, is desperate. Somewhere in this chaotic world she wants to find peace and happiness for herself and her two children. And that means—*a man in the house.* And that, of course, means a husband. And she wants him *now.* She won't rest until she can sing those three words, "Somebody loves me," to all the world.

Charles is available. This, in Hollywood, is more potent than looks, wealth or position. There are practically *no* eligible men here. And for every man who is free and over 21, there are 20 eager movie maidens who must have an escort, or they are dead, socially speaking. Married women positively will not invite "single" stars to parties. They're afraid they might lose their husbands.

Betty loves parties. She needs a man who will take her everywhere, who won't sulk in quiet corners when she huddles with other fascinating people, who will always be there when she wants him, and happy to take her home when she is tired or bored.

O'Curran is one of the most easy-going guys I know. His placidity makes a good bouncing board for Betty's vivacity. Because of his work and contacts, he moves in the same social orbit as Betty. This is important. The unwritten code forbids a star's falling in love with a guy in a lower strata. Did you ever hear of a top actress marrying an extra?

And *this* is *most* important. Charlie loves Betty. Betty doesn't breathe right unless there is a man who loves her. "She's the most wonderful girl I ever met," Charlie told me when I asked him about marriage plans. "I'll be the proudest man in Hollywood with Betty as my wife. But because of her children, she won't rush into marriage until she's absolutely sure." I was glad that Betty was pausing despite her eagerness for a mate. She isn't exactly famous for looking before leaping.

Her desperate way of loving began 'way back when she first came to Hollywood, a frightened, insecure kid, fresh from the New York stage. If any man so much as smiled, Betty was immediately ready to swoon.

Betty isn't frightened any more. But the insecurity is almost as obvious as when she told me breathlessly, nine years ago—"I'm engaged to marry Perc Westmore." Perc gave her a big ring. The engagement lasted a month. Norman Krasna's ring was bigger. The engagement was over after five days. Betty, a lady from way back, returned both rings, but kept her longing for a man to love and cherish her—until dissatisfaction does them part.

When I asked O'Curran, "Did *you* buy Betty a ring?" he admitted, "I'd be afraid to, might scare her off." He wasn't kidding. Betty scares easily—but only in the marriage department. She'll get engaged at the drop of the question. But, when she's just shopping for romance, then it's something else. (*Continued on page 100*)



Charles O'Curran welcomed her home from Honolulu and as of now is top man.



A Lanza birthday is a big affair! Raphaelo Fasano (left) was guest of honor at one-year-old Elissa's party. Big sister Colleen Lanza, in the

■ Most cities have several quaint, quiet, little restaurants where lovers meet for a rendezvous. Even Hollywood has one or two. Romeo's Chianti is a place like that. It's an Italian restaurant—small, warm, unobtrusive—located on Melrose Avenue just a few blocks away from Paramount. The table cloths are checkered red; the food is superb, and the music on the phonograph is always operatic.

In this restaurant Mario Lanza fell madly in love. After seven hectic, exciting, incredible years, he is more in love than ever. "My Betty," he raves, "she's absolutely wonderful, too good for me, an angel. She's the best thing that ever came into my life. Without her, who knows where I'd be today? With her, I'm always in heaven."

And he was in heaven on that unforgettable August night in 1944 when he proposed to Betty Hicks, a trim, brown-eyed brunette from Chicago.

The scene, of course, is indelibly stamped in Betty's mind. She was 22 at the time, ready for romance, and it came with a speed and passion that left her breathless.

"I'd known Mario for a few months—he was in uniform all the time—and on August 29th—I will never forget that date—he came by and said, 'Honey, let's go to Romeo's.' So that's where we went."

It was a warm, clear California night, when even the smallest stars were out, but Mario was in too much of a hurry to get



paper hat, is an old hand at three.

to the restaurant to really notice them.

Romeo showed him and Betty to a side booth and quickly brought the *Chianti* and *antipasto*. The wine and the food and the music (*La Traviata*) mellowed Mario. Ordinarily, he bubbles over with enthusiasm, but now he was soulful. He poured some wine for Betty and himself then he gazed at Betty with love-struck eyes.

"Betty," he finally said, "you look wonderful tonight."

"Do you think (*Continued on page 85*)

It isn't all noise
and tantrums when Mario's
around. There's
love in his house
that came along with
a starry-eyed girl
named Betty . . .

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

life with lanza

The nation was touched when Mario invited ten-year-old Raphaela Fasano of Newark, N. J., to be his guest in Hollywood. Raphaela, suffering from incurable Hodgkins disease, was met at the airport by her hero and his wife.

















She was the rage
of Paris, the toast of all
Europe. And now
Leslie Caron has
danced her way into the
heart of America!

BY JANE WILKIE

pretty-eyed bébé

■ In the late spring of 1950, a blasé young man behind the soda fountain of New York's La Guardia Airport found himself confronted by a wide-eyed young girl. "Eef you please," she said, "I would like some of your ice creams." She twirled the seat of the stool with an experimental finger, looked down the long expanse of shining counter and sighed, "I theenk a ba-nana spleet."

To the soda jerk the French accent was no novelty—he was accustomed to dialects—but there was something about the girl that made it difficult to take his eyes off her. She was so intense, so earnest, and when she looked at him it wasn't in an offhand manner, it was a direct gaze from chalk-blue eyes, tilted at the corners, that made him wonder if she wanted to start a conversation. But at the same time he had the feeling that if he did speak, she would bolt and run in fright.

Those who've seen *An American In Paris,* were left with the same impression of Leslie Caron. She is like a fawn, her eyes seem to listen as well as see, and her lithe young body is still and intent one moment, and then suddenly moving with swift grace.

That "ba-nana spleet" was Leslie's first plunge into American ice cream. It was the way she chose to spend the 20 minutes allowed her in New York before changing planes for Hollywood, and the reason behind it was that her mother hails from Topeka, Kansas. Margaret (*Continued on next page*)



Leslie, who never had time for dates in Paris, became a social butterfly in Hollywood, wed George Hormel in September after a whirlwind courtship.

Petit Caron had spent many a charmed hour describing America to her young daughter. Often Leslie would sit by her mother's bedside in the early morning, talking for hours about the land of skyscrapers and Indians and mechanical things and the beautiful hair of the American girls. To Leslie it was like a fairy tale, but the thing that fascinated her most was the American soda fountain.

Leslie has been introduced, in the past year and a half, to a great deal more than our ice cream. She was uprooted from all the things dear and familiar to her in France and transported to Hollywood in an immense plane, then plummeted into the pink-and-white world of the movies. She improved her English, dated men for the first time, studied dramatics, visited her first nightclub, and starred opposite Gene Kelly in a film that turned out to be a masterpiece. She met and married George Hormel, heir to the Hormel meat fortune, and with the release of the movie became the toast of America as well as France. Yet Leslie feels she has not accomplished much since arriving in America. "I have no time for books, no time for attending the concerts," she says, "and that is bad."

Self-education is a driving force with Leslie, for although her schooling in a French convent was probably superior to that given a great many of the world's children, she feels that travel and music and books are the things that teach life, rather than geography and algebra. She is unaware that already, with only 20 years of life behind her, she is a cosmopolite who charms cynics right out of their boredom.

MARGARET Petit, her mother, left Kansas to study dancing and eventually became the premiere danseuse of the Greenwich Follies on Broadway. Her health broke under the strain and in order to rest she went to Paris, intending to paint. It was there she met and married Claude Caron, a manufacturer's chemist. Their first child was a son, Aimery. Leslie arrived little more than a year later. They grew up in the hilltop home of their grandparents in Neuilly, a suburb lying northwest of old Paris. Aimery, as big brother, was expected to watch over Leslie. He reacted to this responsibility by promptly introducing her to his friends, who accepted Leslie as one of the gang and expected her to do anything they could do. This included hanging on for dear life to a board set on roller skates which, laden with as many kids as it would hold, hurtled down from the top of a hill through the winding streets. Then there was the tree house, built by Aimery and Leslie, whose roof was formerly the lid of the family washing machine. The lid was sorely missed, but because the tree house was out of reach of everyone but the two children, no one ever found it. The attic of the family home yielded a small stove which the children hoisted into the tree and used to make pancakes. Later they found an old victrola, which was likewise stowed in the tree, and Leslie and her brother dreamed away many an afternoon listening to Chopin and Brahms.

Eventually, Aimery was sent away to boarding school, and his absence would have left a great void in Leslie's life, if she hadn't become interested in ballet. She was 11 at the time, and she accompanied a friend to a ballet class. Leslie sat quietly watching, wholly fascinated, then went home and announced, "I want to become a dancer."

Margaret Caron pleaded with her. "I have always said you could choose your life. You can be anything you like—an actress, a painter, a nurse—but please, don't be a dancer. It's the most difficult work in the world. It will break your health. You don't realize the hardship—"

"But I want to be a dancer," said Leslie in a firm but faraway voice.

She began with one lesson a week, increased it to two, then three. When she was 14 she saw a professional ballet for the first time and came home with stars in her eyes. "I never dreamed it was so beautiful," she said. "All the lights, the music, the costumes—"

"Well," said her mother, sounding very much like Topeka, Kansas, "I suppose that's that. We'll take you out of the convent. If you're to be a dancer, you must devote your life to it. You can study at the National Conservatory."

Claude Caron's parents were horrified. The French Catholic church frowns on dancers, and despite the popularity of ballet in France, to the Caron family it was comparable with the devil himself. Leslie's mother flew to her aid. "We haven't much money," she pointed out. "We can't give Leslie the advantages of high society. Nothing would be so dull for her as a routine education and a routine office job. If she wants to live life, she is better off in the ballet." She smiled to herself and added, "In show business."

With her mother by her side, Leslie went on and upward like a balloon caught by the wind. The war was over and the liberation of France was complete. In the past years, the family had left Neuilly to go to the south of France for a year in 1939. They returned to live on the Left Bank during the war, sent the children to Cannes during the occupation, and now all were happily settled back in Paris near the Place d'Etoile. When Leslie was 15 she joined the Ballet des Champs Elysees and soon had a bit part all her own. Her first solo performance, a dance that left her alone on the stage for 30 seconds, was given on a night when the theater was crammed with celebrities and royalty. Leslie was dressed as a clown, her face covered by a mask, and during the first ten seconds she made what to a ballerina is a disastrous error. From a difficult step she landed in the wrong position—perhaps two degrees off. Says Leslie now, "I think to myself, I miss it. People are going to scream. I better walk out. But the music goes on and I think I better stay. Afterward people applaud like—how you say—like mad—and I think they *are* mad, perhaps. Or there is someone else on the stage. But no, it is for me. My mother, she comes backstage afterward and says 'You were very good, darling'. I do not understand. I have made a most awful meestake."

However unforgivable Leslie herself considered it, it didn't seem to matter to anyone else, for soon she was on tour and doing the same solo bit part before the King and Queen of Egypt. Lebanon followed, then Greece, where the company danced for the Queen. Because Leslie was the youngest of the troupe, she was chosen to present flowers to the Queen. The very thought petrified her. "There I am so very nervous, and here comes the Queen with her pretty children. She is very gracious and presents me the children. I do not know quite what to do so I bow" (rhymes with low) "and then the little prince extends me his hand. I am so very stupid and I bow again before I am sensible enough to take the child's hand."

That faux pas didn't seem to bother anyone but Leslie, either, and soon there was a special ballet written for her, "Oedipus and the Sphinx." It was during the Paris season following the tour that Gene Kelly attended the Ballet des Champs Elysees and was struck with Leslie's talent. He went backstage after the performance to congratulate her, but Leslie had gone home. She had known he was in the audience that night—it was common knowledge via the backstage grapevine—but had no thought that he would want to see her. It is doubtful she would have stayed even if she had known, for at this point Leslie's great success was the talk of all Paris and she was perpetually swamped with compliments, congratulations and the adoration of the public. She was only 16 and found the adulation too much to bear in comfort. Some people are so constructed that they can listen to praise from sunrise till sunset and lap it up with ease, but to Leslie it was as though she was being pushed and jostled with the unceasing acclaim. Even her family could talk of nothing else once she was home, and this included her father's family who, once Leslie's name appeared in the tiniest print on a programme, had turned completely human and considered the ballet the greatest thing that ever happened to France, and Leslie the greatest thing that ever happened to ballet. The plaudits kept pouring in, building up pressure, and Leslie wished desperately she could be just a plain human being once more, sitting in the tree house and listening to music.

HER negative reaction was possibly due to her health which, as her mother had prophesied, was breaking under the strain. There had been little to eat in France during the war, during those years when Leslie was growing so fast and needed nourishment. There had been little meat, milk or eggs and only squash had been fairly plentiful. But people can't grow healthy, or particularly happy for that matter, on a diet of squash, and Leslie developed anemia, which became more serious as she pursued her strenuous career. Of necessity she stopped working for a whole year, but never once in all that time did she even think of leaving the ballet. Back with the company she went on tour through Holland, Belgium and England, where a command appearance was made before the Queen and Princess Margaret Rose. For the latter performance Leslie was honored by having her act included in the chosen four out of the possible 20. She was as excited as anyone else, for the French people feel a close alliance with English royalty, and before the performance began Leslie was flat on the floor of the stage along with 39 other girls in the cast, lifting the heavy fringe at the bottom of the curtain in order to see the Queen and Princess in their box. Excitement got the better of them and they soon became so obvious that the Queen noticed the line of faces, whereupon she smiled and waved to them.

It was the high spot in Leslie's young life until the spring of 1950, when Gene Kelly again came to Paris to find a leading lady for *An American In Paris*. He wanted a girl who could dance, act and speak a bit of English, and like a homing pigeon he went straight to the Ballet des Champs Elysees.

First he interviewed Leslie at his hotel and gave her a scene to study, then arranged a screen test which was flown back to Hollywood. "Don't count on it," he told her. "These things take time. There is only a chance you'll be chosen."

Leslie went home with mixed reactions. She didn't want to leave the ballet. It was fun, traveling around the world with the troupe. But the doctor had said her health would not stand the strain of dancing year in and year out. Because of this she had given a thought to movies—French movies—and had even taken some tests, although, as yet, nothing had come of them. But there was America to consider, too. Ever since she'd been a little

girl it was always, "when we go to America—"

Weeks passed and Leslie almost forgot about it. Then, the day before a new show opened, Gene Kelly telephoned her. It was all set, he said. His studio was so enthusiastic that a contract had already been drawn up. "You'll have to pack right away," he said. "You'll leave in three days."

"So then," says Leslie, "I am so excited I jump on my head!" She went home to the family and they almost collapsed at the news. "But should I go?" Leslie wanted to know.

"Should you *go!*" they howled in unison. "*Of course!*"

There was frantic packing, and hurried farewells. Leslie said goodbye to her friends in the ballet, kissing them on the cheek three times as was the custom. It seemed no time at all before she and her mother boarded the plane, and they left France without even knowing if the French moviemakers had decided that Mademoiselle Caron was worthy of a contract. The plane's sleeping accommodations were wasted on Leslie. She sat by the window and looked until her eyes felt they were being pulled from their sockets. England, Ireland, Newfoundland, the soda fountain in Manhattan, a stop at Chicago, and they were on their last hop to Hollywood.

The day after she arrived in Hollywood, she was invited to Gene Kelly's home, where she met his family and many people with whom she would work. Leslie was terrified and stood in a corner as often as possible. It seemed people were staring at her "with beeg eyes" and momentarily she wanted to be back in France, where everyone was not a stranger. She had little time to be homesick, however, for the next day she was introduced to all the important men at MGM and, although her hands were clammy and her heart going like a pom-pom gun, she managed to read aloud from the English script they handed her.

Mrs. Caron returned to France, where she and Claude Caron sold their home and went back to the Virgin Islands to live. Aimery went on to Hollywood, to share an apartment with his sister. With Aimery near, plus the passage of time, Leslie learned there was nothing to fear in Hollywood, that its people were warm and friendly, and she began working with enthusiasm. For two months she rehearsed dances every day and studied English on the side. Today she has perfected the language to the point where she pronounces even Paris the way we do, rather than retain the French pronunciation. She explains this is necessary, for if she lets one French word or inflection slip into her conversation, she lapses entirely into her native tongue.

She turned 19 in July of 1950 and soon was dating men for the first time. She had had many admirers in France, but ballerinas are a very close group, seldom going with outsiders, so that at home she had had no opportunity for romance. And because it is not proper for young French girls to visit Paris night clubs or even sidewalk cafes, Hollywood's night clubs were the first thing of their kind that Leslie had seen. Aimery watched his sister emerging from her cocoon and teased her about it in the evenings when she was cooking their dinner. In Paris, Aimery's friends had formed a pool, with a case of wine going to the boy who would give Leslie her first kiss. The wine was never collected, and in America, George Hormel came along before Hollywood's bachelors had much time for beginning the wine-winning project.

They met briefly at a cocktail party and young George was immediately attracted to Leslie. She noticed him for only one reason. "He has one eyebrow, you know," she says. "Very funnee." We understand this to mean that George Hormel has all the eyebrows necessary to a human being, but that there is not the usual absence above the bridge of the nose.

Not long after their first meeting, Leslie was planning to have dinner with two other girls, one of whom had a date with Jimmy Hormel, George's brother. These two were going to see Ella Logan afterward at the Greek Theater, while Leslie and the other girl friend were to follow the dinner with a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. But that afternoon George happened to ask his brother about his plans and Jimmy told him he was meeting some friends for dinner. "Who'll be there?" George wanted to know.

"Among others," said Jimmy, "Leslie Caron. At least, for dinner."

"Who's she?" George wanted to know. "What a memory! You almost melted over her the other night at the cocktail party."

"*That* girl!" yelled George. "Wait for me!"

He went to dinner with them and talked the girls into accompanying the rest of them to the Greek Theater. By adroit maneuvering he managed to sit next to Leslie, and Miss Logan's talents that night were wasted on George. After the show they went to Ella Logan's home, where she was charmed by Leslie and asked for her phone number. And Leslie, throwing shyness to the winds, answered in clarion tones.

"Sure I say eet loud," she says now. "I think this Geordie is pretty cute. *Veree* cute, in fact."

George Hormel used his head as well as his ears and phoned Leslie for dinner the next day. He proposed to her, before the soup was served, in French.

"Geordie is veree funnee," she explains. "He proposes in French because he knows he has such a cute English accent. Geordie," she adds, "he is funnee all over."

Leslie replied that evening that Mr. Hormel must be out of his mind—that he hardly knew her. He knew very little, in fact, other than that he loved her. A week went by, during which they dined together every night, before he learned he had been wrong in thinking she worked as an extra in movies. At the end of that week he asked if she would fly with him to his family's home in Austin, Minnesota. The trip, the chance to see more of America, may have appealed in part to Leslie, but after seven dinner dates she was more than willing to spend time with George. His parents (his mother is French-born) found her captivating and she was equally impressed with them, but Leslie returned to Hollywood without a decision. Her mind was made up for her on September 22 when the studio handed her a script and told her she would begin work almost immediately on MGM's *Glory Alley* with Ralph Meeker. She was due to go to San Francisco on Monday for the opening of *An American In Paris*, then to Florida for a publicity matter, then to begin working on the new picture on her return to Hollywood. That afternoon she told George, realizing they couldn't possibly be married for three months.

"That makes it simple," said George. "Let's get married tonight."

THEY bought a wedding ring just before the stores closed and phoned an airline for reservations to Las Vegas. George phoned his two brothers, then Aimery. "What're you doing tonight?"

"You have a party, yes?" asked Aimery.

"Well, sort of," grinned George. His mother was visiting Hollywood at the time and when Leslie and George had rounded up Mrs. Hormel and the three brothers, everybody was hysterical. Particularly Aimery, who knew little about the romance and couldn't believe his kid sister was actually altar-bound.

They arrived in Las Vegas at four o'clock on Sunday morning, and everyone headed for the hotel except Leslie and George, who took off to get their license. Finding the bureau closed, they took a taxi to get breakfast, inviting the driver to join them. The license acquired, they made an appointment with a minister for six-thirty A.M., then went to collect the family. The ceremony, replete with organ music (Bach, requested by Leslie, granted) sent both the older and newer Mesdames Hormel into tears. George wired his father in Minnesota, "YOU HAVE JUST BECOME THE FATHER OF A HUNDRED AND TEN POUND GIRL," and Leslie wired her parents in the Virgin Islands that she had changed her name, and they all flew back to Hollywood, the newlyweds speechless with happiness.

After a harried honeymoon in San Francisco and Florida, and a visit to the Virgin Islands to see Leslie's parents, they settled down in a rented house in Laurel Canyon, filled with furniture, including a piano, from George's bachelor apartment. For George plays hot piano, and has temporarily resigned his job with the Hormel Company in order to study, and make jazz recordings.

Leslie appreciates his talent—she likes the rhythm and spontaneity of jazz—and often dances as he plays. Once in a while she'll spin a record of her own, and when George makes a face at Bach, Leslie smiles in a very grown up way and tells him that one day he will learn to love it, because it is a part of her.

She wants to return to Paris only to show her city to George. In the beginning she missed France but now she loves it here, loves the country and the people. And the American people love her. They are—how you say—enchanté.

THE END

In the
april issue
modern screen's
exclusive color photos
take you inside
betty grable's home
with gorgeous
betty herself
on the cover
on sale
march 7



Gary seems to have inherited the Crosby tendencies for careless attire—wears jeans and short beard on campus. Known as a "regular guy," he spends most of his time studying, hasn't enough leisure for heavy dating.



Joan Benny's another Stanford frosh with a famous father (Jack). She met Gary over cokes in a campus sweet shop, thinks he's "just terrific."



The Stanford campus absorbed freshman Crosby without a ripple. Gary went out for football, but failed to make the team. Competition is rugged.

HE MAY BE A FAMOUS SON BUT HE'S JUST ANOTHER FRESHMAN NOW—THAT'S O.K. WITH GARY

Gary Crosby of Stanford U.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ One afternoon several weeks ago, an attractive little co-ed was sipping a coke at The Cellar, a well-known snack bar on the campus at Stanford University.

As soon as she put the straw to her lips, a stocky, blond male with the regulation crew cut, flopped down beside her.

"Hi," he said quietly.

The co-ed, whose name happened to be Joan, turned and looked. She liked what she saw. "Hello," she answered.

The boy grinned. "You a freshman?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you?"

The crew cut nodded. "How do you like Stanford?"

The girl's eyes twinkled. "I think Stanford's just terrific . . . By the (*Continued on page 80*)

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A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

after shelley—what?

(*Continued from page 41*) Granger Girl Friends Club," saying that Gloria de Haven and Ann Blyth, among others, would be invited to join, he good-naturedly agreed that something ought to be done to curb his activities. Now that his pal Shelley ("I am lonesome, Vittorio") Winters has decided to stop marking time with him and turn to earnest romance with Signor Gassmann, he is wishing her all the best. And he is looking forward to an immediate future much like his immediate past, but between Farley and his bachelorhood there is already an understanding. There must be an eventual parting.

FARLEY has always said that he likes to travel and meet the people—girls especially. So in a sense he is looking. He admits it. "Somewhere, sometime, I should meet someone who will make me feel that I don't want to meet anyone else," he says. "That's in the book for me."

The girls he took en masse to that onion soup breakfast in Paris were members of the English chorus featured at the Club Lido on the Champs Elysees. For a bachelor the safety factor in girls is to go out with a quantity of them so that there is too much distraction to particularize. But Farley takes his risks, too. When he was in Rome with Shelley, and she was getting to know Vittorio, he was getting to know Helene, despite a formidable language barrier between them.

Helene Ramy is a fascinating French ballerina turned actress. She is a brunette, and a beauty, says Farley, "that a fellow should never write home about if his mother worries easily." Farley didn't write home about Helene, but he did take notes just in case.

They met at a sort of international dinner party. Farley and Shelley were the only Americans present. Helene, of course, is Paris-born. There was also an Italian actress and two Jugoslavian actors. Incidentally, they were eating in a Hungarian restaurant.

Despite the fact that Helene's knowledge of English is scant, and Farley's French and Italian practically non-existent, he not only managed to make a date with her but went walking in the park with her the next day and had a three-hour conversation! How this could be is best explained by Farley himself:

"We discussed art, movies, ourselves, romance, Hollywood, *bouillabaisse*, dramatic technique and the stupidity of people who know only their own tongue. How did we talk? Easy—we pantomimed. If we didn't know a word, and usually we didn't, we acted it out. Sometimes it would take ten minutes to present one complete sentence but at the end we not only understood each other but applauded our acting!"

Unfortunately Farley's initial success at communicating with Helene went to his head and the next day he unthinkingly called her on the telephone from his room at the Hotel Excelsior. As soon as he heard her say, "'Allo?" he knew he had pulled a boner. How can you perform pantomime over a telephone?

But Farley wasn't stumped! He rushed to the hallway outside his room and yelled for a bellboy. The one who came running turned out to be an Italian who could talk French all right—but not English! Yet he had to do. At least he could *see* Farley.

An hilarious three-way conversation followed which someday may even become part of a Granger movie. Farley acted out his words for the bellboy who spoke them to Helene. Her answers were acted out by the bellboy for Farley while Helene waited. But it worked and at the conclusion Farley and the boy congratulated each other for wonderful performances.

The call was about another date, of course. At the appointed time and place Farley was there, and within a reasonable time, Helene showed up. With one skillful wave of her hand she managed to signal, "Hello! How are you? I am sorry I am late" . . . and the acting started all over again.

WHEN Farley says he wants to see the girls he met on his last trip, most of his friends think he has Helene in mind. But he could mean others. He could mean Peggy Malie, who worked with him in *I Want You* in Hollywood, or Melissa Hayden, who dances with New York's City Center Ballet and was playing an English engagement in London when he was there, or maybe even Betty, Madge or Caron who dance at the Lido. And there is still another for whom his admiration is unbounded—Geraldine Brooks who deserted the movies for TV in New York. Farley was no sooner back in Hollywood than he announced plans to spend Christmas in New York, seeing as much of Geraldine as he could.

The time he spent with other girls in Europe was not time he denied Shelley, who joined him there, and whom he had promised to escort around. She was ill a good deal of the time.

In London, Farley was supposed to escort Shelley to the British Festival but didn't—again she was struck down by the same malady. At this point Peggy Malie unexpectedly walked in. She had been in Paris and had suddenly decided to cross the Channel. She didn't even take time to change the plaid coat and slacks she had on when the notion struck her.

An RKO starlet was handed one of Jane Russell's gowns and ordered to assume a cheesecake pose. She turned to the wardrobe woman and queried, "Haven't you got one for a beginner?"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

Shelley immediately suggested that Peggy accompany Farley to the expedition. But while there was to be no formality about the visit you still don't make personal appearances in London in slacks. Peggy simply rolled hers up above her knees so they were hidden by the coat and she and Farley were off. An hour later she again showed her resourcefulness when someone at the festival got the signals crossed and introduced the pair to the crowd as "Shelley Winters and Farley Granger."

Farley was for straightening out the mistake but Peggy pulled him back beside her. "Forget it," she whispered. "Don't make a fuss." And very sweetly she stood up and bowed her head (which is blonde) left and right. It went over fine and when they got back to Shelley they were able to tell her that she made a swell impression that night.

In every fellow's life there is at least one girl who gets him to thinking that she would make a very practical partner. In Farley's life that girl happens to be Melissa Hayden. Melissa likes to have fun but she also keeps a sharp eye on what's happening around her at all times. When she is with a mixed group of couples dining out, for instance, and the waiter brings the bill in one whopper of a check, everyone automatically waits for Melissa to do the accounting. She can mentally "tote" up just what each escort owes, in a flash, and be so exact that nobody would dream of arguing with her . . . not even the waiter if she happens to catch him in a bit of excessive addition.

FARLEY thinks that one of the outstanding personalities he met in England was Dame Sybil Thorndike, who is in her eighties and was starring in *Waters Of The Moon*, a legitimate play which he went to see in London. Afterwards he literally sat at her feet as they talked about the theater.

"I am so glad you young people have come to see us," she said. "You are so fresh and animated in your ways."

But as she was talking Farley felt that she herself was showing more vitality and energy than even Shelley could. He told this to Shelley later and she promptly snapped, "But I've been sick!"

Farley's parting words to Dame Sybil Thorndike were: "I'll never know what you know about acting by the time I am your age."

"My dear boy," she replied, "by the time you're my age you can have learned everything."

When he told that to Shelley she said, "And you'll need every year of it!"

This is the bantering kind of relationship he's had with Shelley that he's going to miss. And Farley knows it. "I think it is easy enough to be attracted to someone, even to fall in love," he has said. "But it is not so easy to make a real friendship.

"You know," he added, in a lighter vein, "some fellows once told me, you are pretty mixed up when you think that the more girls you know the more you'll know about girls.

"Well, it's pleasant confusion. I wouldn't want to give it up just for the satisfaction of knowing that I am a clear-headed young man. A fellow can get awfully lonesome picking up technical honors like that."

Actually he is serious about meeting the one girl of his life. He thinks that she will more likely be of the theater than the screen although this is not an absolute requirement. He knows better than to set up qualifications on this sort of matter.

"It's just that the theater seems to absorb a person less completely and permits more time for general living," he says. "In movies each picture that you make takes all your time, a whole hunk of your life, until it is finished."

Yet Farley, when he got back to Hollywood, didn't take an apartment again but a house. And soon afterwards he entertained . . . a group of married couples. He seemed to be studying them and you might imagine that he was trying to visualize himself in the role of a husband. What conclusions he came to nobody knows, but something happened which was rather unfortunate since he is contemplating taking the ultimate plunge.

First he showed everyone around in a group and there were the usual comments. Later he would find himself alone with just one of the husbands or one of the wives. Invariably, he reports, their words were rather wistful. What one fellow said rather sums up what they all said:

"It's a nice place and it's pretty wonderful to have it all alone and do what you want to do. And imagine . . . being able to pick up any time and go where you want to and do what you like."

This set Farley thinking but he is old enough to figure out that it is normal for wedded folk to look back nostalgically to what they recall as lost liberties of single blessedness. So he doesn't think this will scare him any. It might delay him a bit though.

"But that's all right," he says. "I wasn't in a hurry anyway."

THE END



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Glamor-fare for daytime wear—McArthur's two-piece Lonsdale cotton cord frock (washable, sanforized and colorfast). The flaring ten-gore skirt flows over a rustling taffeta and crinoline petticoat by Eye-ful. Sheltering it all—a gay Storm Hero Slim-Jim sheath umbrella of acetate rayon. Wear Right gloves. *Dress:* Black and white or brown and white. Sizes: 10 to 18. About $17. *Petticoat:* about $6. *Umbrella:* about $6. Assortment of colors and plaids.

Piper Laurie, is appearing in *Has Anybody Seen My Gal,* a Universal-International picture. *Photographed at the Brown Derby.*

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

In This Issue:
Gloves—Wear Right
Jewelry—Coro
Petticoats—Eye-ful
Shoes—Capezio


The
modern
screen
fashions
in hollywood

modern screen fashions in hollywood



GADABOUTS FOR

News for a rainy day! Peggy Castle, now appearing in Columbia's *Harem Girl,* is ready for rain in a full, flared raincape with detachable hood. Made of latex-backed nylon—this cape will wear without tear indefinitely. It comes packaged in a matching envelope pouch—all weighing less than 16 ounces. The colors: red, black, kelly green, beige, powder blue, gold, brown, grey and tangerine. Sizes: small, medium and large. About $25.00. "Featherrain" by Duchess Royal.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.





TOWN & COUNTRY

Alice Kelly, appearing in Universal-International's *Francis Goes To West Point,* wears Toni Owen's novel bandana fabric ensemble cleverly designed for patio parties, beach—for casual town dates! The blouse with little cap sleeves has a convertible collar—the skirt, a soft waistband and deep cuffed side pockets. Red and white only. Sizes: 10 to 16. Blouse about $7. Skirt about $12. The clever Capezio shoes are of the bandana fabric (made to order).

Peggie Castle chooses a peach of a suit that can be worn glamorously and consistently all through Spring. Checked—and of 100% worsted yarn—the short jacket has a notched collar and cuffed patch pockets (with button trim—the skirt has six gores). The jacket has interfacing of Armo hair canvas for perfect shape-retention. Sizes: 10 to 16. Colors: bright navy and white, grey and white or gold and grey. About $50. A Bardley suit by Finger & Rabiner. Hat by Rex of Beverly Hills. Wear Right gloves—Capezio shoes.

SEPARATES—
STRICTLY GLAMOR

Popcoat—the biggest little news in top fashion for Spring—is worn by Patrice Wymore, appearing in Warners' *I'll See You In My Dreams.* Wonderful, wrappy, new—pop this coat over everything. Wear it, with the hood up or down in city or country, day or night, North or South—with full skirts or slim! Patrice wears it with a full sunburst pleated skirt of faille. Textured 100% wool in powder blue, pink, gold or white. Sizes: 8 to 16. About $50. Designed by Bob Fields of Goldberg-Weissman.



On the right, quilted "get-togethers"—party-looking and gay—are worn by Colleen Miller, RKO starlet, appearing in *Las Vegas Story.* The fabulous fabric is luxurious rayon taffeta in iridescent muted stripes, quilted to make it one of the season's "standouts." The full-circle skirt billows over a starched fishnet petticoat. The strapless bodice has a pert little peplum. Colors: quilted iridescent striped rayon taffeta with red and gold stripes or red and navy stripes predominating. Also quilted rayon taffeta in solid black, turquoise, red or navy. Sizes: 9 to 15. Camisole top, about $6. Circle skirt, about $11. By Ilene Ricky. Colleen accents her separates costume with Coro's golden chain necklace, earrings and bracelets.





On the left, Linda Douglas, RKO starlet, soon to be seen in *Marshal Of The Pecos* models a gem of a separates outfit! The 100% knitted wool sleeveless top will also match up smartly with your suit, shorts or slacks. This top is natural foil for Coro's large rhinestone shoulder pin—matching earrings and bracelets. The skirt of unpressed pleats is made of Bates cotton bedspread fabric. Linda wears her own velvet belt for added dash. Blouse: navy, black or white. About $10. Skirt: natural beige only. About $20. Both come in sizes: 10 to 16. By Toni Owen.

Photographed in the Sun Lounge, Beverly Hills Hotel, Beverly Hills, California.

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gary crosby of stanford u.

(*Continued from page 70*) way, my name's Joan. Joan Benny."

The boy looked surprised. "Are you Jack Benny's daughter?" he asked.

"The very one," Joan smiled.

"I heard you were on the campus," the husky freshman said. "My name's Gary Crosby."

They shook hands heartily as if they hadn't just met, but were old friends long-separated.

"What're you studying, Gary? Mostly football?"

"I'm out for the jayvees," young Crosby admitted, "but I'm taking a kind of business-eco course."

"So am I," Joan Benny said.

She told him she was living at Rable, and he told her he was at Toyan, then Joan stood up. "I've got a class, Gary," she said. "It sure was nice meeting you."

Gary smiled, "The pleasure was all mine."

That afternoon, Gary was boning up on his biology when his three roommates, Bob Hammond of Walla Walla, Wash., Ed Barr of San Diego and Don Wells of Oakland, straggled into room 245 of Toyan Hall.

"Who was that chick I saw you talking to?" one of Gary's roommates asked.

"That was Jack Benny's daughter," Gary admitted. "Not bad, eh?"

"Not bad at all," the roomie agreed. "Why don't you ask her to the Freshman Dance?"

Gary thought for a minute. "She probably has a date already."

Over at Roble Hall, the girls' dormitory, a similar conversation was in progress.

"I met Gary Crosby today," Joan Benny reported to her roommate, a pretty brunete whose real name happens to be Judy Garland. (Not the Judy Garland of motion picture fame whose real name happens to be Frances Gumm.)

"What's he like?" Judy asked.

"He's very nice," Joan began. "Not at all what I expected. I mean I thought he'd be shy, but he spoke right up. He has a terrific personality, and he's out for the football team, and he's really quite. . . ." The telephone buzzer interrupted Joan's conversation and she ran to pick up the receiver. "There's an overseas telephone call for you, Joan."

Joan Benny's 17-year-old heart did a somersault. She knew who was calling from Germany all right. It was Vic Damone, who'd been drafted into the Army and had spent his last furlough at her house.

Talking about the trans-Atlantic call later, Joan said, "It was Vic, and he wanted me to know that he was starting on a tour of Germany with some other soldiers. I guess to entertain the troops. He's a real sweet guy. We write to each other. But it's nothing serious . . . really."

"Since Damone is in Germany," Joan was asked, "and there's nothing serious between you two, what do you think of Gary Crosby?"

"I think he's just terrific," Joan admitted.

This, however, is not the general campus opinion concerning 18-year-old Gary Crosby.

At Stanford, Gary's considered just another freshman, and no one seems impressed by the fact that his father is famous. This suits young Crosby fine, because it would be embarrassing for him to be singled out as a chip off the old Bing or as the kid whose records have sold more than a million copies.

When Gary arrived on the campus and then right away (*Continued on page 82*)

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reported for football practice, a couple of sports photographers from San Francisco asked him to pose for some pictures. "Give me a break," Gary said. "You don't want my picture. I haven't done anything to deserve it."

In contrast to the actions of other famous mens' sons, this was a refreshing attitude. Almost at once, Gary was accepted by the other fellows on the squad as a regular guy.

"He didn't make the team," one of the coaches points out, "but he sure worked hard. We had him holding tackling dummies and scrimmaging with the varsity. He was a pretty fair sort of line-backer in in prep school, but this is the big time up here, and the kid just didn't have enough of what it takes. You can never tell, though. Next year he's liable to be a world-beater. What we like most about him is his spirit. He has a lot of fight and a lot of humility, too. In a freshman, that's a good combination."

Gary has reached that point in life where athletics count the most with him and girls the least.

"I like girls," he says, "and I've seen Joan Benny a couple of times, but I just haven't got the time for dating. This is no snap school, you know. I'm carrying a pretty full load, and I've got to keep my grades up. Besides, my Dad keeps phoning three or four times a week. He calls from San Francisco or Pebble Peach or Tahoe, and if I'm not around, he wants to know why.

"During the football season I didn't have a single date—on the level. Dad gave me a 1951 Mercury hardtop and on weekends, I drive over to San Jose and see my brothers. The twins are at Bellarmine, you know. They play football, too."

Bing has always believed in keeping a strong hand on his boys, and in Gary's case, he's been especially vigilant.

Gary's recordings of "Play A Simple Melody" and "Sam's Song" have passed the million mark. More than a hundred requests have been received at the Crosby office for permission to start a Gary Crosby Fan Club, and the youngster has been offered, via his father, fabulous sums for radio and TV appearances. He's also been written up in several national magazines, and Bing has been justifiably worried lest all this go to the youngster's head.

"You let a kid know he's making a little stir in the world," Bing says, "and he can become insufferable overnight. It's a good idea to sit on Gary for a while."

Not that Gary needs it. Another Stanford freshman, who lives at Toyan Hall, speaks for the rest of the boys when he says, "Crosby seems to be a pretty good egg. He doesn't throw his weight around, and we've yet to hear him mention his old man once. He dresses sloppily just like everyone else——denims and sportshirt—and he doesn't talk about Hollywood or the entertainment business at all.

Bob Hammond, one of Gary's roommates, says, "We do so much studying around here that we don't have time for cleaning. Besides, with four guys constantly coming and going, it's hopeless. Crosby's just about as clean as any other. He's easy to room with, never gives any trouble.

"Does he play the trombone? Not that I've seen. He used to play it, I understand, when he was a kid in grade school. But the only thing I've seen him play up here is football. Wait a minute! Last week, his old man sent him a guitar. Told him to start practicing in his spare time.

"Gosh! His old man is strict. I mean he calls Gary practically every night. Really keeps close tabs on the guy. Even if Gary wanted to play around which he doesn't, he wouldn't have much chance. That Bing is a regular old eagle-eye."

Gary, however, is more charitable where his father is concerned. "Dad," he says, "is a pretty nice guy. Just doesn't want me to step out of line."

A review of Gary's educational history reveals he's caused his parents surprisingly little trouble. Bing enrolled him at St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles when he was a cocky 11, whereupon Gary announced that he was Bing Crosby's son. "You don't have to brag about it," a classmate told him one day. "We know who your father is. So what?"

After that, Gary never again mentioned his Dad in school.

Major Bill Warner and Major John Scanlon, instructors at St. John's, recall Gary as a lad who was always in and out of trouble, but none of it very serious. "He always seemed to have a good excuse," Scanlon says. "For example, if his shoes weren't shined, and he'd been given a detention, he'd bring along a witness to testify that originally his shoes had been shined but that the wind had been blowing very hard and had covered them with dust. He was a lieutenant at one point, I believe, but I think we had to bust him down to private."

Major Warner who coached the football team at St. John's, says, "He developed into a pretty good football player near the end, but we remember him here as a great guardhouse lawyer. That Gary could talk himself out of anything. Persuasive? He was more than that. We've had all four Crosbys here, and I think Lindsay, the youngest, is probably the sharpest. The twins, Phil and Dennis, are wonderful athletes. But Gary has them all beat when it comes to eloquence. Real good at the blarney, that one."

John Wayne regards anything but loafing clothes unnecessary torture. Last year when he took off for England, he thought he might need a new suit in formal London, so he called up his tailor. "How's that suit coming along I ordered a few weeks ago?" he inquired.

"Mr. Wayne," he was told, "it wasn't a few weeks ago. It was three years ago. I thought you didn't want it so I sold it."

Kirtley Baskette

The twins have caused much more trouble at school than Gary ever has. And family intimates predict that when those two go off to college, Bing will look back upon Gary as a comparative angel.

Physically, Gary resembles his mother more than his Dad, but there is little doubt that he inherited his voice from Bing. Over the phone he sounds very much like him, which pleases Gary no end. He also seems to have developed his father's easy way with a tune. "I've been around singing all my life," he says modestly. "I guess it just comes natural."

Gary never knows when he's going to cut a record with his father or appear on Bing's radio show. It's always during school vacation since Dixie will permit nothing to interfere with her brood's education.

"I'll go down to a rehearsal with Dad," Gary explains, "and the next thing you know we're singing together and cutting a record."

Last Summer just before the Crosby clan took off for Elko where Bing owns the Quarter Circle S ranch, Gary was told he could accompany his father to a recording rehearsal. At the rehearsal, Dave Kapp formerly with Decca, talked Bing into doing two sides with Gary. The record was made in 90 minutes flat, and the Crosby's took off for Nevada.

En route, Gary turned to Bing and said, "How much do you think I'll make from that record?"

"Maybe a few hundred," Bing said. "But only if the public likes it."

To date, Gary Crosby's recordings have earned him a cool $25,000. Gary himself, however, hasn't seen a cent of the money. It's being held in trust for him by Jack O'Melveny, the Crosby lawyer who oversees the basic $200,000 trust fund which Bing and Dixie have given each son.

Gary claims he doesn't need very much money. "I hardly get into town," he says. "Biggest expense outside of tuition, food, and stuff like that, is my car."

Eventually, he may join a fraternity—several houses have shown an unofficial interest in him—but right now, fraternities interest him far less than football.

He very much wants to make the varsity one day and to maintain high academic standards. Bing thinks the second ambition much more valuable, and never fails to impress on Gary that he was sent to college primarily to study.

"If Gary loved books as much as he loved sports," Bing has said on occasion, "He'd wind up a great scholar. Gary's the most serious athlete we have in the family."

Last year he dislocated his shoulder, so vicious was his football tackling, and the Summer before, he refused to talk to his Dad for two days because Bing clowned around while they were playing baseball up at Spokane. "If you want to goof around," Gary yelled at der Bingle, "I'll goof around, but I came out here to play ball."

Off the playing field, Gary is modest almost to the point of retiring. In contrast to his days at St. John's, he doesn't talk very much, and if he pulls a boner, he's the first to acknowledge it.

Gary has been identified with Bing so much that most people forget it was Dixie Crosby who brought him up—and beautifully, too. Dixie imbued him with a good sense of values and the fact that he is regarded as a well-bred, regular, modest young man is a tribute to her maternal ability.

This past summer, just before Gary entered Stanford, he underwent an operation for a shoulder injury. After the operation Dixie took him to Lake Tahoe for a vacation.

"I had more fun with my mom up at Tahoe last summer than I've had in some time," Gary recently told a reporter.

Gary doesn't particularly like the Crosby ranch at Elko since it usually means hard work. Bing pays all his boys cowhand salaries, and the standard rule is: no work, no cash. Two years ago, Gary was given the job of creosoting some fence posts. He fell asleep on the job and some of the ranch posts caught fire. Bing deducted the damage from Gary's pay, and Gary hasn't forgotten it yet.

Like most college freshmen in this troubled world, he feels that sooner or later he will wind up in the armed forces. Until such time however, he plans to keep working and playing. "I'm taking business administration," he says, "but I may end up coaching or even fooling around in show business. My dad and mom don't care just so long as I choose something respectable. They've always wanted me to be happy."

Right now, he's trying to summon up enough courage to phone a certain freshman over at Roble Hall. Her name is Joan Benny, and he strongly hopes that the two of them may have a little more in common than famous fathers.

The End

(*Continued from page 61*) rather good things of their own; as for me, I painted or listened. These little sessions sometimes lasted until three in the morning and Mom used to get a little unhappy with her eldest daughter."

There were other things that made "Mom" unhappy with her eldest and only daughter. A couple of years before, when Jane was just a skinny, bossy sophomore at Van Nuys High School there was a football hero senior who used to have a curious effect on her. Every time he came near her, as she has said, ". . . . the hair on the back of my head would stand up straight and I'd spit some endearing thing at him like, 'Oh, yeah?'"

Bob Waterfield went on to U.C.L.A. to play on the varsity team and Jane became a senior herself at Van Nuys at which time she wasn't so spindly any more. Her bathing suit felt right at home on her and Bob apparently decided that her sharp manner was perhaps just a cover-up for an eager heart. He came over to her on the beach, that first time, and was so nice to her that she was thrown completely off her guard. Before she knew it she wasn't nipping at him any more! That night she sneaked out of her home for the first time in her life. She and Bob had made a date to meet on the beach again. She wrote her mother a note and said that "the guy way back in my diary" had asked her to go out and that school night or no school night she just had to go.

But there were church nights, too, which he was to cause her to pass up. These were the Sunday evenings when Jane and her mom and her four younger brothers would go to a little church in Sherman Oaks. Bob, now dating her every night he could get away, would know where they were and drive up outside, purposely racing the motor of his cut-down roadster. With each acceleration the deep, unmuffled bark of the exhaust would carry to the ears of the congregation inside, particularly to Jane. Her dark head would drop and she would shift about in her seat uneasily. Her brothers would grin maliciously, and her mother would sit up, disapprovingly rigid.

Sometimes Jane would try to resist temptation, but there were other times, too, times when she had been arguing with her mother about life and about God, and was in a resentful mood. One night, as she heard Bob outside, she turned to her mother and asked, "How long must I continue this farce?"

Her mother, instinctively knowing that she was contending with a spirit as strong as her own, and indeed derived from herself, looked straight ahead as she answered, "You don't have to continue it. I will never ask you to come to church again if you think it is a farce."

Jane sat in silence for a few minutes. Then she got up and walked swiftly to the door. The minister was still talking as she disappeared outside. A moment later, a last spurt of noise came from the car, a thunderous blast that seemed to symbolize the defiance of youth as Jane and Bob sped away . . .

Sped away where? Jane didn't know. She was always speeding away from the "as is" to the "as should be." She was always being pushed by motivations she couldn't understand . . . to break loose from traces that seemed to chafe and bind.

"I don't remember just how," she has said, "but around this time, with the arts and the different viewpoints I came across, atheism crept in. I guess I figured that all the people we were reading, who had gained world-wide recognition, just couldn't be wrong, and that Mom was a little old-fashioned and that the thought of God and Jesus comforted her. But if a person were to be really honest with herself and face facts, she'd plainly see that she could shape her life the way she wanted to. Just be honest . . . that's all."

It wasn't then that she left her home, however. She was still seeking another way. After her graduation she went to visit her grandfather on a lake in the Canadian Rockies. Every afternoon she would row to the middle of the lake and sit there for hours, content just to be there. But her grandfather couldn't understand it. He wanted to take her sightseeing and fishing. Once he told her that he was a little worried about her lack of interest in her future. She could think of no future—except that she must make one for herself, and that before she could begin she must not be treated as a child. She returned to the San Fernando Valley and she talked to her mother.

"We are not a mother and her little girl anymore," she said. "I am a person and you are a person. I must be recognized as such."

Behind these words were many things. She felt restraint, she felt the weight of parental pressure at a time when she herself could not tell which way to turn and wished only to wait and see.

Her mother had repeatedly said that after her children finished high school, the boys were to go to college and Jane to a finishing school. Jane had never had sensational report cards, "except, maybe, that they were sensationally bad." She could always get A's in art, music, and drama, but English was one great big blur. Chemistry, the boys in the class did for her; when she finally passed this subject it was because she faithfully promised never to take it again. Mathematics was just an added hour of drawing as far as she was concerned. She didn't want to go to any finishing school.

And it was then, when her mother said that she was not yet grown up enough to run her own life . . . that Jane left her home.

Her mother knew where she was, yet made no effort to bring her back. Not directly. But she recalls that she prayed like this: "Lord, listen to me. You have been a husband to the husbandless and a father to the fatherless. See over this child, that the harum-scarum not use her for their glory."

With patience she waited for Jane to return. "I was certain she would," she says. "She was not a sinner. She was a girl with strong convictions. She felt she must save herself as an individual even at the risk of losing herself as one of the family."

And those who knew Jane then found it difficult to condemn her for anything but humanness—the kind of human Jane Russell happened to be. And today, hiding nothing about herself, she will tell you she stands before her God, not as an innocent but as a true penitent.

Jane racked her brain with questions while she was away from home. She wrote her thoughts down. "Why was I born?" she wrote. "Was it an accident? What is my purpose or obligation to life . . . to be a good kid and help the world be a better place to live?"

She would balance a joyful event in her own life against a tragic event in the life of someone else. She would think of how she felt in Canada when at last she made up her mind to return home and knew that Bob would be waiting for her. She wasn't allowing herself to think of marriage, yet she wrote then: "The quarterback looked mighty good to me and he even threw his arms around me right on the platform so I knew he was glad to see me, too."

The same girl would also write to herself, "The suffering in India and China makes me want to weep. Ignore it? Enjoy life? Live it to the hilt? Make things happy for the good by being strong-minded and optimistic? Maybe, but I'd get awfully tired trying and I'd have to wear blinders and never look to the right or left—never look at the guy selling pencils. And then what? Then you die—they dig a hole for you and time marches on. No thanks. That thought alone depresses me so much they can dig the hole right now."

Even at the age of 18, she was deeply concerned about all of life. She didn't give voice to it aloud because she hated, more than anything else, the curse of affection. She is uncomfortable today with people who are professionally religious in their attitude. Not long ago she went to an army hospital with a group of church workers who were insistently pious, even to the way they sat, or talked, or held their hands in folded piety. She was so uncomfortable that she notified the leader of the delegation that she simply could not go with them again. At the hospital, as a matter of fact, she spent most of her time in the company of a rough-talking soldier who was emphatic in his rejection of their message of salvation. He offended the other members of the delegation, but Jane thought he was exactly the man they should persevere with. Before the session was over she and the soldier had gone deeply into religion, and if his redemption was not obtained at least his interest in her words was sincere.

This was the sort of girl who had struck out for herself, and these were the thoughts that were crowding her mind. It isn't any wonder that she descended into sickness, both physical and mental. In addition to the worries of the future which surged through her mind, there was the pull of the ties she had broken—her brothers, her mother—and the memory of her father.

She would think of her brothers in a motherly way—the intense yet shy Tom, Kennie so bold and optimistic, Jamie always abrupt but impulsively affectionate as well, and Wally who was even then

LET'S DANCE

One Sunday soon after they'd started to build our house, when just the framing was up, we took a portable radio along and sat on the living room floor like a couple of idiots, listening to record programs. Pat kept turning the knob for "Baby, It's Cold Outside," which was new enough so I'd never heard it. Finally he found it.

"Come on," he said, "let's dance."

"Oh Patrick! People'll see us."

"So they'll see us. We've been living in that blasted apartment, walking on eggs. Every time we breathe, somebody downstairs smacks the ceiling with a broomstick. You're in your own house now. If you can't dance in your own house, where can *you dance?"*

"Pat, we'll look too silly—"

He reached over and grabbed me, and away we whirled. Next thing we knew, two cars were stopped outside, with people staring—doubtless wondering whether to call the riot squad for a couple of straitjackets. But by that time I didn't care. We went right on dancing.—Mona Freeman.

showing signs of the sophisticated air which was to come to him later. She thought of them mother-wise because she had been in charge of them for so long—all through the illness which weakened her father. And no family was ever closer than they were when, just a few days after a "successful" operation, her father suddenly died. Everyone but her mother had gone to pieces. All the things which had to be attended to, her mother handled. Never did anyone ever see her cry—not until a Sunday morning sometime afterwards when they all went to church and the choir sang a beautiful hymn. The congregation was standing, and her mother just crumpled to her seat and buried her face in her hands. The music now became a background for her sobbing. Yet there was nothing to do but wait. And when she finally stopped and got up, she looked, Jane remembered, as if she had had a good cry on somebody's shoulder. Jane thought she had.

Jane's illness marked the end of her "runaway." She returned home and was not only welcomed, but, as she will always recall gratefully, she was welcomed without any fuss. And it was there, lying in bed at home, looking out at her mother's beautiful garden and up at her towering Eucalyptus trees, that Jane found the Someone she had to find before she could find herself.

She was no longer unsure. When less than two years later, in 1941, her career as an actress began she was ready for it, and as a person who knew her way she moved with sure footing. Not long after this when Bob enlisted she sensed immediately what her role should be in real life. They were married, and though she was beginning to be a name in Hollywood she was even happier to ask for leave from the studio and become just another one of the nation's thousands of army wives.

This was the strength of self and of self-knowledge she got from that Someone she found—about whom she has written: "There was no chance of mistaken identification. *He* . . . was God." THE END

(*Jane Russell can be seen in RKO's* Macao—*The Ed.*)

lana's latin lover

(*Continued from page* 39) Lamas and Lana are supposedly very much taken with each other. Fernando seems to be helping her forget about Bob Topping, and Lana is helping Fernando forget about the estranged wife he left behind in Argentina.

It's a cozy romance which began last November quite by accident. . . .

Curt Bernhardt, director of *The Merry Widow,* had signaled the sound man to play a Strauss waltz. He had also ordered Lamas to take Lana in his arms and begin to dance. Fernando executed the orders, but a little too ardently.

"Cut!" Bernhardt called. "Let's do it again. Only this time, Fernando, take it easy."

Fernando grinned, "I'm sorry," he said. He turned to Lana. "I'm really very sorry."

Lana laughed, "Think nothing of it."

So they did the scene again, Fernando behaving like a perfect gentleman, and it was a "take." Bernhardt called a break for lunch and Lana ambled off to her dressing room where two of her friends were waiting.

"Did you catch it?" she asked them.

"What?" one of her friends asked.

"That last scene," Lana said. "The Bull of the Pampas just let himself go. I guess that's the way he treats the girls in Argentine."

The treatment seemed to please Lana who realized now that Fernando was finding her increasingly fascinating. And ever since Bob Topping walked out on her and began to see a lot of June Horne, Jackie Cooper's ex-wife, Lana's ego has been in need of bolstering.

They say that nothing is better for a girl's morale than a romantic Latin lover —and that certainly is what Fernando Lamas is.

He and Lana have been going everywhere together—previews, nightclubs, private parties. Jaded Hollywood skeptics consider the romance studio-inspired, a publicity buildup for Lamas, but seeing these two in action makes you doubt it. Knowing their backgrounds convinces you that it isn't need of publicity, but need of each other that has drawn them together.

Lana fears loneliness, and Fernando fears failure.

FERNANDO LAMAS is in his early thirties. He was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and was orphaned at the age of five. He was raised by his grandparents and had his first taste of fame when he won the South American free style swimming championship in 1937. After that, he was given a job on radio and eventually got on the stage.

He made 20 films in Buenos Aires before he was brought to Hollywood to complete the Spanish version of a Republic picture. The executives at Republic didn't think too much of his talent; and in view of the fact that he could hardly speak English, he wasn't offered a contract.

His agent, though, knew that L. B. Mayer had a soft spot for singers (in any language) and took him over to MGM. Lamas sang, and Mayer reacted. Although Fernando didn't know what Mayer was talking about, he did understand about signing a contract.

"My first year in Hollywood," Fernando says, "I spent most of my time learning the language, taking lessons, singing at benefits, things like that."

When the studio felt that Fernando was intelligible, he was given a leading role opposite Jane Powell in *Rich, Young And Pretty.* Then he was cast in *The Law And The Lady* with Greer Garson. A few months ago he was advanced enough to warrant co-starring with Lana in *The Merry Widow.*

Fernando has been advised to say nothing about his wife or his South American love-life, and he sticks to this admonition.

However, he does admit having a wife and since she and he are Catholic, a divorce may be out of the question.

Fernando doesn't say much about Lana, either. He sums up the way he feels like this: "most beautiful, talented, and charming woman I have ever met. I think she's wonderful, and I'm very fond of her." All of which is nice but not very informative.

Come right out and ask him: "Are you in love with Miss Turner?" and he says, "But we are still both married."

Lana is much more secure in her fame and much more outspoken. "The Bull of the Pampas is a very nice guy," she says, "and a very good escort. But let me get over the last case of love before I start looking for more trouble. It's enough to say that Fernando and I are just going out for a little companionship."

Lana's friends say that she cares very deeply for a mysterious man at the studio who sends one yellow rose to her dressing room each morning. With the rose comes a card that bears the romantic greeting, "Good morning, Lana!"

Some people say the rose comes from Lamas. Others say it's from Curt Bernhardt. Lana herself refuses to reveal the rose-sender's identity.

Whatever romance there is for her in Hollywood, Lana seems more determined than ever to get away from the west coast.

"In 1952," she's said, "I want to spend a lot of time abroad. I want to go all over Europe. I've got to get out of this town. I was in Europe on my honeymoon, but I wasn't feeling very well, and I didn't have too good a time. Now, I really want to see the place and enjoy myself."

Actually at this point, Lana is the victim of mixed emotions. She's confused and doesn't know quite what to do at this point.

She thinks that getting away from Hollywood will take her away from her problems, but they lie within herself, and will go with her everywhere until she herself, changes.

Lana wants quite frankly to play the field, to date many men and fall in love with none. But in Lana's case this is almost impossible. If she goes out with the same man three or four times, she falls in love with him. That's why so many columnists insist that she has fallen for Fernando Lamas, the man for whom she bounced Cy Howard.

But Lamas looks like a dead end. Religion is the stumbling block.

Thus by going out with Lamas, Lana runs the risk of loving a man who can't control his own marital destiny, a situation that may bring her only heartache.

Lana has the uncanny faculty of falling in love with those gentlemen who can hurt her the most. There is no actress who has suffered more in her search for love. When Lana gives her friendship, she gives it wholeheartedly, she can't help herself. Because she is aware of her impetuous nature, she has tried to make it legally impossible for herself to marry again quickly. Instead of having her lawyers draw up divorce papers she announced that she wanted a legal separation from Topping. "I want some time," she said, "to take it easy, to think things out. Europe would be a good spot. I'd get away from all these hassels and pressures."

With Lamas as her escort she's safe in one respect: He can't talk in terms of marriage.

But what about love and happiness and career—the three most vital factors in Lana's life after the welfare of her daughter, Cheryl?

Lana's career has been foundering ever since 1948. She needs a good picture—maybe *The Merry Widow* is it. If it isn't, Lana will probably leave MGM. She has been stalling about signing a new contract until the film is released.

It may be that some wealthy lover will come along and marry her. Then Lana would probably give up her career in a jiffy. In her mind, marriage and children have always been more important than film fame, even though three husbands have brought her none of the domestic tranquillity she values so highly.

Maybe some dashing, foreign Romeo will do the trick. It may be Fernando Lamas and it may be someone else. But until she finds the right man, Lana Turner is marking time.

She may mark time for a week or two, but in the months to come when the reports of her European jaunt start filtering back, Lana will not be mentioned alone.

Somehow, wherever Lana Turner is—men of all nationalities appear in droves. Her magnetism, apparently, is universal.

THE END

life with lanza

(*Continued from page 65*) so, Mario?"

"When I sit with you I feel wonderful . . ." he said.

Then he reached across the table and took her hand. "I love you, Betty. I love you very much."

"I love you, Mario."

"Then we're officially engaged," he announced, triumphantly. And that was all they needed to be promised to each other. No ring, no formal printed announcement, just three little words.

If you travel in movie circles nowadays, you can hear many jealous females comment on how Betty snared Lanza because she knew he was a gold mine.

There isn't a word of truth in that.

"I never really heard Mario sing," Betty says, "that is, listened to his voice attentively, until we were on our honeymoon. Once before, he'd sung at a party, but it was too noisy and I was too excited to pay much attention.

"I would've married him if he'd been a ditch-digger. I married him for his love. Everything else, his voice, his career, his success—all that has been an unexpected surprise. In my eyes Mario doesn't have to sing to be great."

BETTY thought Mario was great the first time she ever met him. That was during the war. She had come out from Chicago to Los Angeles to stay with her sister-in-law. Her brother Bert, who'd worked at 20th Century-Fox, had been drafted and his wife and child were lonely living alone.

Betty wasn't in Los Angeles very long before she decided to take a job with Douglas Aircraft. It was not only the patriotic thing to do, but the salary was pretty good.

In Los Angeles, Betty took some snapshots of his family and sent them to Pvt. Bert Hicks who luckily had been chosen for a small part in the Air Forces show, *Winged Victory*.

Pvt. Bert Hicks showed some of the snapshots to his buddy, Pvt. Mario Lanza.

Lanza pointed to the girl in one of the photos and being the kind of impetuous, forthright fellow he is, said, "Say, that wife of yours is really built."

Hicks grinned. "That's not my wife, that's my sister."

"Married?" Lanza asked.

Bert shook his head. "Not yet."

"When we hit L. A.," Lanza began, "I think that you should . . ."

Bert Hicks felt that he should, too; so just as soon as the *Winged Victory* troupe landed in Hollywood, he took Mario Lanza home with him.

"Betty was wearing red slacks and one of those blouses that come down off the shoulder. I looked at her," Mario says, "and I'm telling you, it was really something. We sat down to dinner and her mother was there and I couldn't keep my eyes off her—off Betty, that is. But every now and then, I'd turn to her mother and say, 'Mom, tell Betty to stop staring at me.'"

Betty says, "I guess maybe I did stare at him. But then, Mario isn't the kind of fellow you just look at and forget. He seems to vibrate all over. The first night Bert brought him home, I said to myself, 'Betty, this guy is something special.'"

Not long after, Mario tossed a party at Roméo's in celebration of Bert's birthday. The Army had just paid Mario, so he took his month's salary, pressed it into Roméo's palm and said, "Amigo, for this party the works—cake, champagne, everything."

It was a wonderful, memorable wartime birthday party, and of course, Mario's date was Betty Hicks. After the party they drove downtown and listened to a visiting opera company present *Faust*. The music did something to Roméo, who had accompanied the party to the opera.

"Listen," he said, "the celebration hasn't lasted long enough. Bert is soon going overseas. The night is still young. I go back and open the restaurant again, and the party continues."

So back went the party. Champagne flowed again. The opera records were restacked on the turntable, and the music began anew. As the record of Enrico Caruso singing *Vesti la Giubba* came on, Mario suddenly broke out in song. He sang along with the world's greatest tenor and when he finished, his buddies were slapping his back, Roméo was kissing his cheek, and somehow Betty Hicks was in his arms. "I don't know," Mario says, "my arms seemed to belong around her. I held her and kissed her and the sensation was wonderful and in my heart I knew what was happening to Mario Lanza."

The next time he and Betty visited Roméo's, they became engaged. He was 23, and she was 22. They decided to keep the engagement a hush-hush affair until the war was over. "Then," Mario promised, "we'll have a nice church ceremony."

Mario and Betty Lanza are both Catholic, but their first marriage was a civil ceremony in the Beverly Hills court of Judge Charles J. Griffin. The date: Friday, April 13th, 1945. The witnesses: Betty's sister-in-law, Harriet Hicks, and Mario's pal, Al Gordon.

Mario was broke at the time of the marriage so that all he could pay for a

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wedding band was seven dollars, but even though he earned more than a cool million during 1951, Betty still wears that seven-dollar wedding ring. Mario has offered to replace it half a dozen times but as of this writing Betty still refuses to let it come off her finger.

Like their engagement, the Lanzas' civil marriage ceremony was a quasi-secret affair. Mario simply couldn't tell his religious family that he was going to get married in a City Hall; and yet he wouldn't put off the marriage because of that.

"The church wedding can wait," Mario insisted. He explained that the Army was about to discharge him, he'd signed a recording contract with RCA Victor, another contract with Columbia Concerts; he was scheduled to leave for New York in a few weeks. And he wasn't taking one step out of California without first getting married to Betty Hicks.

"If I go to New York," he said, "you're going with me."

So they were married and Betty went on to Chicago to tell her folks all about it. Mario went on to New York to find an apartment for his bride and to break the news of his marriage to Mama and Papa Cocozza. (As you know, Cocozza is Lanza's family name.)

By the time Betty had arrived from Chicago and they were living together in an hotel, Mario still hadn't told his parents. "You're going to have to tell them some time," Betty said.

"This weekend." Mario promised. "They're coming up from Philadelphia."

When mama and papa arrived, Betty was not in the hotel. She had gone to a movie. When the movie was over, she phoned Mario. "Have you told them?"

Mario's voice boomed over the wires. "Of course, I told them. I told them I married the most wonderful girl in the world. They can't wait to see you. Hurry!"

Betty couldn't wait to see them. In a matter of minutes, she was in Papa Cocozza's arms, and Mama Cocozza was crying with happiness; and everyone was saying yes, the ceremony would have to be performed in a Catholic Church; so they were married again, this time in the Cathedral of St. Columbo.

After a hotel honeymoon, Betty decided that life in the Park Central, while convenient, was also more than the Lanza budget could bear; so the newlyweds moved into an apartment on the third floor front at 8 West 49th Street. This apartment belonged to a friend, Robert Weede of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and overlooked the skating rink at Rockefeller Plaza.

There have been an awful lot of stories to the effect that Betty and Mario Lanza almost starved in New York, they were so poor. It just doesn't happen to be the truth, even though it's romantic.

When Betty and Mario were living on 49th Street, Mario had not only received $3,000 for signing with RCA Victor, but he also had a contract with Columbia Concerts, and he was singing on the radio. He appeared on the Schaeffer Beer program and on the Celanese Hour, "Great Moments in Music." When he gave that up, he formed a trio with George London and Frances Yeend, and this outfit known as the Bel Canto Trio was booked throughout the country.

The assumption that Hollywood discovered Mario Lanza is at odds with the facts. Mario was a singer of stature long before he signed an MGM contract.

He had the courage and the good sense to give up his radio work, however, because he felt his voice needed additional training.

When Mario explained this to Betty, pointing out that voice instruction was expensive and that money would be going out of their household for months, without any coming in, Betty merely smiled and kissed him. "Honey," she said, "you do what's best. Don't worry about me." And never once did Betty complain.

Fortunately when Mario abandoned his radio appearances, he found a sponsor who had faith in his future, a patron who, because he loved music, insisted that Mario must take vocal instruction from Enrico Rosati, the voice teacher who had prepared Benjamino Gigli for the opera.

This patron was a real estate man named Sam Weiler. For 15 months, Sam gave Mario enough money to take care of his household expenses. At the end of 15 months, Enrico Rosati said to Mario, "I have given you polish. Now, go out and get experience, and don't let anyone fool with your voice."

Mario went out on tour. Betty went with him. She served him his coffee in bed the way he liked it at home. She fixed his meals, made him rest, came to understand the singer's temperament.

Mario and the Bel Canto Trio were sensational in Chicago, tremendous in Milwaukee, incomparable in Wheeling. A poster put out by the Lawrence Evans Artist Management which handled Mario in 1947, reads "Entire tour of 60 concerts during 1947-48 sold out. Make early application for your date, Season 1948-49. Available 1949."

When Mario arrived in Los Angeles and L. B. Mayer heard him sing, a motion picture contract was inevitable. But it wasn't the ordinary run of motion picture contract. Mario had talked things over with Betty and insisted on having six months off a year for concert tours. He also wanted all radio and recording rights. Metro started him off at $750 a week and agreed to his terms.

When Zsa Zsa Gabor first had husband George Sanders worried about her becoming a movie actress, Red Skelton remarked, "Tell him he has nothing to worry about."

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

While touring the country with Mario, Betty became pregnant.

"It was kind of funny the way I told him," Betty recalls. "We were having dinner at Antoine's in New Orleans—just the Weilers and the Lanzas, and the food was wonderful. But somehow it made me sick and Mario said, 'Now, don't argue with me, I know I'm going to be a father.'"

When Colleen was born on December second, Mario was over in Culver City, making *That Midnight Kiss*. He raced down to the hospital, kissed Betty, then asked to see his daughter. They brought the little girl in. "Her name," Mario announced, "will be Colleen."

Two years later, Betty gave birth to another daughter, and again Mario supplied the name. "Elissa," he declared, "after her grandmother."

What is it like being married to Mario Lanza? Is he really as temperamental as people say? Is he spoiled and pampered? Is he really a genius? Does he like to get away from his home?

These are just a few of the questions people ask Betty Lanza.

"Life with Mario," she explains, "is very wonderful. Somehow, people think he's the kind of tenor who goes around the house screaming and beating his chest. He's nothing of the sort. He loves his home, his wife, his children. He's a real family man.

"He's emotional, of course, but that's part of his heritage just as his gentleness is and

here comes the bride

(*Continued from page 32*) Time was when a young man, wishing to express publicly his honorable intentions, slipped a diamond rock on the third finger of his lady's hand and they called it an engagement and everybody laughed and cried and congratulated the happy couple. It still happens—even in Hollywood. But, nowadays, particularly in Hollywood, the custom has been for the young man to slip into a panic when anybody brings up the matter of honorable intentions. Not that he's against them, of course, he just thinks, generally, that they're his own personal intentions and nobody else's business.

But Hollywood has other ways of discovering just how far a local fellow plans to carry his courtship. Watching his dining habits, oddly enough, is one of them. If he takes his girl trotting around to all the cafes, a different one each night maybe, he's probably very fond of her. But, if he takes her to the same spot each evening, that means it's more serious. And if he has a reserved table each night, and dining with his girl at that table regularly has become a habit, the Hollywood folks know they belong to one another—and they accept that little situation as being as binding as a diamond, as big as a battleship. The only logical follow-up, they know, is a wedding cake some night and the corks popping out of champagne bottles.

If you were to ask Ronnie Reagan if he is going to marry Nancy Davis he'd more than likely grin and tell you a funny story. If you were to ask Nancy, she'd make a joke and then tell you to ask Ronnie—who would tell you another funny story. So the best thing to do is not ask them. Just believe that the Hollywood custom of eating at the same reserved table each night is answer enough—and get a congratulations card ready to send them.

As far as this reporter is concerned, a casting director couldn't pick a more "married" looking couple. And in every other way you can estimate they are perfect for each other.

Ladies first, so let's start with Nancy. She is the daughter of one of Chicago's wealthiest and most socially prominent families. Her father is a famous neurosurgeon. She was reared in strict observance of the niceties of living. She attended the finest schools and when she came out she was one of the most sought after young ladies in the mid-west. She is neither star-struck nor movie-struck. She liked to act and when it came time to choose a profession she took up acting. She was good enough at it to come to Hollywood on her own, with no pull, and to make a name for herself in short order. There is no frivolity in her makeup. Fun, yes, but no nonsense—and any romance she indulges in will be a serious one or very, very short-lived. In total, she is a substantial woman.

If Ronald Reagan wasn't an actor, he would more than likely be the president of the biggest bank in the town in which he lived, or the mayor, or a senator or something important. His background is not as rigid as Nancy's. In his youth, he was a sports announcer on the radio and, when he first came to Hollywood, something of a roof-raiser. But, with marriage—to Jane Wyman—he matured and began to take an active interest in the community life in Hollywood, in politics and, most particularly, in the Screen Actors Guild, of which he is president. Today, he, too, can be called substantial.

It's excellent casting, but if that's all it took to make a marriage, people could pick mates out of telephone books and high school annuals. But Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis have something else going for them. They're in love.

Away back, three years ago, although it seems like more, they were hanging crepe on Ronald Reagan's heart. His separation from Jane Wyman was one of the biggest shocks Hollywood had received in a long time. There had never been a hint of gossip about either one of them. They seemed the happiest couple in town and, with their two children, Maureen and Michael, the happiest family. Then one day a gossip columnist hit the front pages with the story that they had parted. Because they were both big stars, the press plagued them night and day. Ronnie went into seclusion and Jane wouldn't talk. Then, when a divorce action was filed, Jane said simply—and without doubt, truthfully—that Ronnie's Guild and political activities had caused them to drift so far apart that their marriage couldn't be mended. Unlike most Hollywood divorces there was not the slightest hint of scandal.

But in the months that followed, all Hollywood began to feel sorry for Ronald Reagan. He lived alone, simply, in a small hotel and took all of his meals and minor pleasures in the company of other couples or fellows. No girl, it seemed, would ever get close enough to the Reagan heart to hurt it again.

There is no question about it. Ronnie did carry a torch—for a reasonable period of time. He was a pretty unhappy guy. Then one day he seemed to change. He showed up at one of the strip night clubs with a date—some unknown girl, pretty and good company. He began to see people he had avoided for a long time. He didn't announce it, but he was through mourn-

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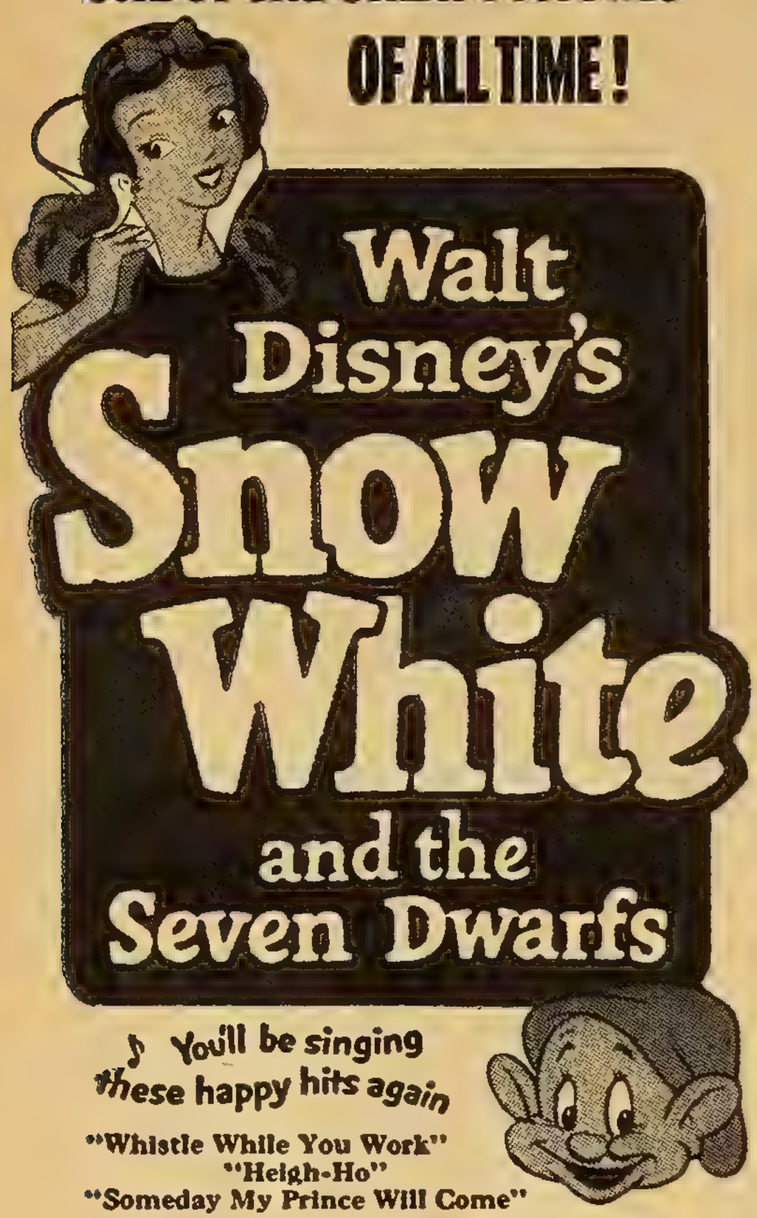
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ing and he wanted to get into the normal swim again.

However, there is nothing a gossip columnist hates more than a repaired bleeding heart. If Ronnie was observed at a party laughing while he sat up close to a doll the gossipers would state: "Ronnie Reagan isn't fooling anybody with that gay attitude he effects at parties these evenings. His heart is still breaking for Jane Wyman. Too bad."

At first Ronnie used to complain bitterly about these items to his friends.

"Why," he would cry, "don't they leave me alone? Why won't they believe that I can live a normal life?"

When they didn't leave him alone, he began to make this speech—or similar ones—publicly, with, some people think, rather disastrous effect. The press descended on him as though he had just sawed one of their group in two. They howled—and Ronnie howled back. But whether it was by accident, or design, they stopped talking about Sorrowful Reagan and began printing stories about Ronald Reagan, the foe of the press. Maybe Ronnie laughed about that privately.

Ronald Reagan's courtship of Nancy Davis began so quietly that nobody noticed it at first. Nancy, although one of Metro's brightest hopes, was not very well known and, not being much of a publicity seeker herself, she didn't get her name in the papers very much. She was not interested in any particular man, so she didn't go out often.

One evening, at a Guild board meeting, it developed that there was a temporary vacancy, due to a member's taking a leave of absence. Someone suggested that Nancy might be a good replacement. The board moved that she be called upon to serve—and it was ordered that the Guild president be delegated to ask her.

There are, in the Guild, two girls named Nancy Davis. Faced with this fact the next morning, Ronnie, as President and appointed solicitor, called Nancy's house and the conversation naturally got a little off the usual track. Not wanting to ask the wrong Miss Davis to serve, Ronnie had to ask a number of pretty personal questions, so that by the time the conversation was over there had been quite a bit of laughter. Both Nancy and Ronnie enjoyed it and before hanging up, Ronnie suggested that they really ought to get together and meet personally. Nancy agreed. They had dinner that night—and have had it together nearly every night since.

At first, not wanting to bring the gossipers down on his head with more questions, Nancy and Ronnie did things his way. They ate in out-of-the-way places and steered clear of the night clubs. The Bill Holdens, Ronnie's close friends, approved of the whole business and, it is supposed, encouraged it. Then, after a few weeks of steady dating, Ronnie took Nancy out to a well known cafe. Nobody seemed to pay any attention, so he did it again—and before Hollywood knew it, everyone was used to seeing Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis together.

When the gossipers did get wise to the fact that Ronnie had a steady girl friend they almost scared him away. All of a sudden they began to print stories of a coming marriage—all at once. Ronnie, as anyone who talked to him about it at that time well knows, was scared to death. He had honestly never even thought of marriage—and when he did, it terrified him. It is a matter of record that, although he seldom even looked at another girl, he tried to get the studio publicity people to link his name with other women—any other women—to stop the marriage talk.

When Nancy was questioned at that time, she didn't know what to say. She was in love with Ronnie and quite possibly knew she would someday marry him, but she didn't want to have her hopes set up in type. She hemmed and hawed, because she's not very good at lying, and the reporters interpreted her answers as they best suited them. For a time it looked as though it would spoil everything. But, thank heaven, it didn't.

It was just about a year ago that Ronnie and Nancy apparently decided they were going to ignore the papers and live their lives the way they wanted to, make their own decisions and their own announcements—at a time of their own choice. Nancy began to look after Ronnie, more than just a casual girl friend would. She spent as much time as she could out at his valley horse ranch, working, and she'd go home at night dog tired but happy. Although she had never had much experience with rural matters, she began to study the care and breeding of horses and soon became quite an authority on the subject.

And it was about a year ago that Ronnie began treating Nancy like his only girl. It was then that he started that table every night at Chasens.

At the present time, Nancy Davis lives in a small apartment in Westwood. She furnished it before she met Ronnie, but they say she has been changing pieces, pieces that wouldn't look just right in a big ranch-type house. Ronnie lives in a larger apartment just north of Hollywood, and people who visit it pretty often say that he seems to have lost all interest in decorating it. For a time he had big plans. Changes he was going to make that would

I've been living in Hollywood long enough to know that the Chamber of Commerce is embarrassed about the weather. Fact is—if you see an Angelino with a beautiful tan, it's not sunburn—it's rust!"

Victor Borge on the Victor Borge TV Show

turn his place into a real bachelor's haven. But the plans have been forgotten.

One of the things that may have made Ronald Reagan decide that this was love was an illness that Nancy had just about a year ago. It was nothing serious, but for a time it looked as though it might be—and Nancy had to go back to Chicago where her dad had the finest specialists check her and treat her. Before she left, she was cheerful, but plainly a bit scared. She had nobody to talk to in Hollywood, really, but Ronnie—and as fast as he could get away from the sound stages at the end of the day he would be over at Nancy's apartment to cheer her up.

When she was east, he talked to her on the phone every night and it might have been then that he realized he would miss her more than he could bear if she ever left him. At any rate, when she came back, well and no longer concerned, he hardly let her out of his sight.

There are other things, beyond the obvious, that Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis have in common. Besides having a strong sense of civic duty, they are spiritually attuned. Ronnie is a devout young man, believing deeply in his faith—and Nancy is very much the same. Although they don't attend church as much as either of them think they should, they both feel that it gives them a cleaner outlook to cleave to a religious belief.

Another thing that Nancy and Ronnie have in common is their love for children—and this is very important. The future Mrs. Ronald Reagan will have to be a good mother, for there is nothing more important to Ronnie than his two kids. It would

not be fair to say that Ronnie put Nancy through a test in this matter, but it is true that she had to win her way into Maureen's and Mike's hearts on her own. When she first met them, never having been married and, of course, childless, Nancy was rather terrified of two husky healthy off-spring of the man she loved. But she soon found out what they were interested in—and made it her business to learn about these things.

At first it was horses. Nancy came through the horse stage with flying colors. She began to ride, badly at first, but later regularly and excellently. The kids admired this and Nancy scored one. Then it was animal husbandry in general. This, of course, has to do with caring for animals and cleaning sheds and barns. Nancy soon proved herself a quite capable hand at these chores—and scored two. Probably the most severe test for Nancy, however, was the fidelity test. To Maureen and Mike, as to most kids, their Dad was the boss man of the universe—and what he said went. That wasn't too hard for Nancy to go along with, for it is certain that she feels the same way about her man. But anyway, when the kids had time to observe that Nancy could take orders and execute them without mutiny she was in.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan" is something Hollywood never expected to see above a doorbell again, but that is in the past. The man who acted like a man during his sorrowful time of divorce, and who carried his head high when he was deeply hurt, is a whole man again—able to have a family and home once more.

So, the next time you are in Hollywood, and the dusk is beginning to settle and the lights come on, drive down Beverly Boulevard and stop at Dave Chasen's fancy restaurant. Drop in and stand in the crowd that waits for tables, and when Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis walk in through the crowd and over to their accustomed place, don't just say you saw a couple of movie stars. Say you saw Ronnie Reagan and his Nancy—and when you saw her she was wearing a diamond ring as big as the top of a cafe table. THE END

anything you can do . . .

(*Continued from page 57*) Bill Holden would have a mallet in his hand by nightfall. It is a friendly contest that includes all endeavor, but it is a real and earnest contest.

It wasn't too friendly at the beginning, though. That was before the war. Bill Holden, a youngster from Pasadena, had skipped into the movies through the back door. Columbia Studio had been searching for a Golden Boy, to play the title role in a picture of that name. The director wanted an unknown and the search for a lad with the physique of a prizefighter and the sensitive face of a violin prodigy had covered the country. Then someone brought in Bill Holden from Pasadena—and overnight he was a star.

Columbia, in those days, was not too well populated with stars and before long, Bill, although not in the big money, was one of the top personalities on the lot and was being assigned the choice young leading man roles.

The way those who remember tell it, Bill began noticing a tall, good-looking young fellow earnestly trotting about the studio grounds almost every day. He was quiet, self-effacing and kept strictly to himself. Bill was a mixer and the silent fellow bothered him. One day he decided to find out who the man was. During

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lunch he turned to an associate producer sitting next to him. He pointed out the stranger across the room.

"Say," he said, "who is that fellow?"

"His name's Glenn Ford," said the producer.

"What's he doing here?" Bill asked. "Every time I turn around I see him. Almost like he's following me."

"Maybe he is," said the producer. "He's an actor—and the company hired him to replace you, anytime you can't make a part or kick up your heels."

"To replace *me?*" howled Holden. "Why, the scavenger! He's like a ghoul!"

For the next few months Glenn Ford paid little attention to anyone he didn't have to do business with. He made pictures, some of them that Bill Holden thought he might have played if Glenn hadn't been around. There were B pictures, but some good ones. A *Blondie*, a thing called *Babies For Sale* and, finally, a good one, *So Ends Our Night*, with Fredric March and Margaret Sullavan. Holden watched the young man's career with extreme anxiety.

One day Holden was called into the front office.

"We have a fine script for you, Bill," he was told. "A real great outdoors yarn called *Texas.*"

"Good," said Bill. "What's the story?"

"Well, there are two young fellows," said the executive, "who are after the same girl, and . . ."

"Who's the other young fellow?" Bill interrupted.

"He's right outside in the other office," said the executive. "Like you to meet him." He pushed a buzzer and Glenn Ford—the other young fellow—walked in.

There was a handshake, quiet "Gladtameecha's" and Bill Holden and Glenn Ford became friendly, but eternal enemies.

During the shooting of *Texas*, the entire production company was in a panic. If a scene called for Glenn to ride up to a hitching post, dismount and walk through a saloon door, Glenn would arrive at the post like a jet plane, leap off the horse and land ten feet away and charge through the door without bothering to open it—while Bill sweated on the sidelines and muttered "Ham!" And if Bill was supposed to stage a quiet battle with two or three of a room full of stunt men, he would ignore his instructions and, quickly polishing off his assigned targets, would wade into everyone else in the room. There were some who thought they'd never live through the picture.

But something more than the birth of a rivalry started during the shooting of *Texas.* Bill Holden and Glenn Ford slowly developed a profound respect for one another, and by the time the film was completed they were fast friends. From that day to this they will try to top each other in anything, but one will not stand by and listen to a word spoken against the other.

The war interrupted their competition for awhile. Bill went into the Army and a few days later Glenn dropped by the studio to announce that he had enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps. It has to be admitted that Bill got the rank. He became a Lieutenant, while Glenn remained an enlisted man, but Glenn was always quick to explain that any enlisted man in the Marines was better than any two officers in any other branch of the service.

Back in civies, Bill and Glenn were immediately thrown back into their old competitive life. Again they were informed by Columbia that they were to be costarred in a Western called *The Man From Colorado.* They appeared together in the office of Harry Cohn, Columbia's head man, for a script reading. When it was over, the boss asked them what they thought. The boys agreed it was fine. Mr. Cohn asked them which roles they thought they were best suited for. Bill looked at Glenn and grinned.

"I'll tell you what, Harry," he said. "I'll flip Ford to see who plays what."

And, although it is probably the only time in the history of pictures that casting has been handled that way, that is how the roles were handed out.

A few weeks before *The Man From Colorado* was due to start, Holden dropped into the office of a friend at Paramount and with a sly grin confided that he was about to show Ford up but good.

"The guy is out of condition," Bill said gleefully. "He's as soft as mush. I just signed up with a gym in the valley and I'm getting out every morning at five for a couple of hours ride. When the picture starts, I'll make him look like a bum."

Two weeks later he dropped by the same man's office, this time in a rage.

"Do you know what I just found out about that dirty rat Ford?" he cried. "He's been riding every day and working out with bar bells. He's figuring on making me look like a jerk in the picture."

When the picture started, it was a thing to behold—the two muscle men vying with one another to break their own necks. In a burst of enthusiasm, during a fight scene one day, Glenn picked a 180-pound stunt man right off his feet and flung him across a bar at a bunch of extras. Holden was goggle-eyed and mortified that he hadn't thought of it first.

It might be well to state here that neither Glenn nor Bill are what you would call actorish actors. They are not the least bit hammy, are both substantial family men, serious citizens and active in Hollywood community life. They have the usual number of rabid fans, but serious students of good acting are also among the active members of their fan clubs. Looking over the list you will find a good many celebrities, from Mickey Rooney and Joan Crawford to Thomas Mitchell and Jean Gabin. Their jousting, then, is not at all an expression of professional jealousy, but a running gag that has lasted and taken on a serious note.

Glenn Ford would rather swindle Bill Holden out of a dime than find a hundred dollars. He once let Bill sell him an old saddle, properly reluctant to buy, of course, for $25. Bill could hardly wait until he got home to tell Brenda how he had clipped Glenn on the saddle sale.

"And so," he wound up his tale all out of breath, "I dumped the thing in the back of his car and made him give me this check for it—so he couldn't change his mind."

He showed the check proudly. Brenda's face fell.

"You're probably going to want a divorce," she said.

"What for?" asked Bill.

Brenda took him out to the garage where the saddle was perched atop a saw horse. Bill's eyes bugged.

"You didn't let him return it, did you?" he howled.

"No," said Brenda sadly. "He came by a while ago and I bought it from him for you. For $35—and I gave him cash."

The arrogance of the two men becomes so intense at times it almost seems idiotic. They were talking about their kids one day when Glenn casually remarked that his son was three years old.

"No he's not," said Bill, "he's four."

"I guess," said Glenn, "I ought to know how old my own son is. He's three."

"Four," said Holden.

"Three," said Glenn.

"I'll bet you ten bucks he's four," said Holden.

"You've got a bet," said Glenn.

He walked to the phone and called his wife.

"How old is Peter?" he asked. "That's what I thought," he said and hung up. He walked back to Holden.

"Okay, wise guy," he said, "pay up. I just called Ellie and she said he's three."

"I won't pay," said Holden. "*You're both wrong.* He's four."

Competition really got rough back when Glenn married lovely Eleanor Powell and moved into a swanky house in Beverly Hills. It was on ten acres of ground—and was an admitted show place. Bill, living on a much more modest scale, couldn't stand it. He would come home from work every night and sit for hours and glare at his house. One day he went out into the San Fernando Valley, told a realtor he wanted to buy the biggest house the man could find, and a week or so later invited Glenn and Ellie to dinner in a fabulous $75,000 mansion, which he had purchased from the late Leon Errol. He really couldn't afford it, but he was happy when he saw the look of wonder on Glenn Ford's face.

It was shortly after Bill bought this house that Glenn gave him his finest trimming. They were strolling through the grounds and Bill opened the door of a lath house. Glenn spied a huge stack of boxes containing planting bulbs.

"What you got there, boy?" he asked.

"Some things the former owner was going to plant, I guess," said Bill. "I'm going to throw them out and store gardening tools in here."

Glenn, quite a horticulturist, walked over and examined some of the bulbs.

"Why don't you plant them yourself?" he asked.

"No," said Bill. "That's not my line." And then he got an idea. "Say," he said, "you've got lots of ground, why don't you buy them from me and plant them yourself."

"Well, I don't know," said Glenn. "It would take a lot of hauling to get all those boxes to my house."

"Tell you what I'll do," said Bill; "give me 50 bucks for the lot and I'll deliver them."

"Twenty," said Glenn.

"Okay," said Holden. "Cash."

And then he dashed into the house waving the bill and crowing to Brenda how he had just taken old Glenn Ford for a round 20 bucks.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I was standing on the corner of Wilshire Boulevard one day, it started to rain. I asked the driver of a car that had stopped for a red light to give me a lift as far as the Brown Derby. The driver said, "O.K., hop in." Imagine my surprise when the woman at the wheel turned out to be Joan Fontaine.

John Becker
Miami Beach
Florida.

A couple of weeks later Glenn called him on the phone.

"By the way," he said, "remember those bulbs you stuck me with?"

"I sure do," gloated Bill. "You ought to get wise to yourself, kid."

"I thought you'd be interested to know," Glenn said, "that I just sold most of them for three thousand dollars. I'm planting a couple of acres with the rest of them."

The blow almost killed Bill, but when, a few months later, some horticultural society came out and inspected Glenn's garden and gave him a first prize, Bill wanted to drive over in the middle of the night and pull every growing thing on the acreage out by the roots.

BILL HOLDEN seldom wears makeup today and it is all due to Glenn Ford. When they were making *Texas,* years ago, Glenn appeared on the set sans grease paint. Bill noticed it in the second shot. He went to the director.

"Didn't you notice?" he whispered. "That new guy hasn't any makeup on."

"Oh," said the director, "he doesn't wear it. He has a clause in his contract excusing him from it."

"Oh, he has, has he?" said Holden. "Well, I don't like it. I think he's trying to pull something."

"No, he's not," said the director. "He just doesn't like to wear it."

"That's what you think," said Bill. "He's up to something, and I'm not going to let him get away with it. You guys can just wait for me while I go and take *my* make-up off."

And he did. And he would never wear it again when he worked with Glenn.

Then there was the time that Bill was coming home from Washington on a train, after a few weeks of fancy dining and high living. He learned that the train would pick up a Hal Wallis troupe, including Glenn Ford, at Flagstaff, Arizona. Bill glanced at himself in a mirror and decided he looked a bit bloated. That would never do, he decided. Glenn had been working hard in the sun and would be lean and tanned. So, for 36 hours, while the train sped across the country, Bill worked out. And when the train stopped at Flagstaff, he leaped off the steps to greet Glenn, several pounds lighter and looking like an athlete.

Somebody tipped Glenn off as to what had happened, so he saw to it that Bill was kept on his feet for the rest of the journey. When the train pulled into Los Angeles, they almost had to carry an exhausted Holden to his car.

There is just one place where Bill Holden and Glenn Ford bury the hatchet. Glenn is a member of the board of directors of the Screen Actor's Guild, and Bill is vice president—and at the semi-monthly meeting they are all business. They don't let personalities enter into their official duties. Glenn, as a matter of fact, is very proud of Bill's ability as an administrator and hopes to see him elected president of the Guild one day. However, there is one joke they do have around the big table. Bill has the habit of saying "Jeepers!" when he gets excited—and whenever he does, Glenn looks at him and smiles, and Bill blushes and vows he will never say it again.

Yes, there is a spirit of competition in Hollywood between Glenn Ford and Bill Holden, but they are buddies. They will do anything in the world to top, swindle or rook one another—but it is a closed shop, any outsider who tries to cut in will have *both* of them on his neck. THE END

(Bill Holden can be seen in Paramount's *Submarine Command.*—Ed.)

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liz does it again

(*Continued from page 45*) Dietrich school of romance since *"Grandma"* Dietrich was Liz's immediate predecessor. This gave rise to the waggish remark that he must really be in love with Liz since he wore his hair piece all the time for her whereas he only wore it for parties when he was romancing Marlene.

Liz will be free to marry on January 29th. Kay Young, the actress who married Michael in 1937, sued him for divorce on Nov. 15th. Since an English divorce takes only six weeks, Wilding will be back in bachelor's ranks before Liz is free. Liz will be 20 on February 27th and somewhere around these times there's a wedding date in the offing unless they jump the gun and marry over the border. Neither will make a definite admission: Liz talks around the subject while twiddling that enormous sapphire ring and Michael smiles and says: "How can I discuss marriage to Elizabeth when I am not yet free?" The sheer logic of this leaves questioners holding the bag. But word has gone out that Kay Young is all set to marry Douglas Montgomery—one-time Hollywood actor who has lived in England for many years now—so everyone is paired off as satisfactorily as the final act of a French farce.

The fly in the ointment of Liz and Michael's romance in its early days was his marriage. They met three years ago when Liz was in England making a picture with Robert Taylor. Her mother was along and Michael Wilding was working in the same studio. They fell in love when Liz went back to England to make *Ivanhoe* last summer. As Wilding was married, there was gossip, and so Metro snagged its beauty back to New York for a personal appearance at the *Quo Vadis* premiere, thinking that would be the end of the matter. But Michael followed her to Hollywood where he took up residence with his old-time pals Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons and successfully pressed his suit. Liz has been a house guest of the Grangers also—she believes in getting to know her fiances at close range. Bill Pawley was the Taylors' guest for a fortnight during that romance and Liz and her mother visited the Pawleys in Florida. At that time Liz told me: "You can't tell too much about your feelings for a man if you're just together at parties. You can think you like somebody terribly much in an atmosphere like that, but it might be just the glamor. When you're around together all day and have a quiet time you find out many important things that show each other's character and disposition."

Liz' publicity has progressed from mice to men with lightning speed. One day she was concerned only with Nibbles her chipmunk, her dogs, cats and horses; the next, she had discovered sex. The gold football which Glenn Davis, All-American West Pointer, gave her as a pledge of his affection moved rapidly in a forward pass to Bill Pawley Jr., to Hilton, to Donen, to Wilding. There was some slight interference from Montgomery Clift, and Bob Taylor's name entered and faded out again from a long list of dazzled boys who managed one or two dates but couldn't catch her interest.

THERE is a threadbare tradition that beauty and brains never go hand in hand. I say threadbare because my experience has often been to the contrary. Liz Taylor can parry questions with the skill of a lawyer. Early in life she learned the advantage of the indirect statement. She knows a denial is easier to wriggle out of than an affirmative answer. Generalizations are a favorite refuge with her and when put to it she can fall back on humor as a quick get-away.

When I asked her about Michael Wilding she was in a negative mood. She had returned from New York where she'd had a lot of publicity about dates with Montgomery Clift and about some hand-holding on back roads she'd done with her ex, Nicky Hilton. But Wilding had arrived in town, the two of them were at the Grangers and there was good reason for questioning.

We began our interview with some discussion about *A Place In The Sun* and I asked Liz if she thought she'd be up for an Academy Award.

She replied: "Are you kidding, Hedda?"

I said no, I wasn't kidding, that I thought it her best performance: "Didn't you think it was?"

"I liked it," she replied. "And I loved working in the picture. I hope it gets nominated for an award, the picture I mean."

For diplomatic modesty this took the cake: "Aren't you being *very* modest about it?" I asked.

But Liz said no, that she didn't think she was being modest. And when I asked her how Monty Clift was she came back with:

"He's just fine. You mean when I saw him in New York, don't you?"

"Yes, that's what I mean," I said. "How many dates did you have with him?"

Her answer was nonchalant: "I don't know . . . a few . . . I didn't keep count."

When I intimated there might have been so many dates she'd lost count she quickly corrected me: "No, there weren't many at all." And when I inquired if Clift was more social now than he used to be she told me: "I think he's always been social." "Well, he didn't look that way out here," I said. "Out here he gave a pretty good imitation of a hermit. Nobody ever saw him at premieres or out where there were people."

"I guess he doesn't like night clubs," Liz said with a finality that ended discussion of Monty and his notions. I wanted to know when he was coming back to Hollywood and she tied that answer strictly to business: "When he finds a good script, not before."

So we got around to Michael Wilding, a subject which had been quivering between us from the beginning of the interview. It was the main issue, and one to be handled with kid gloves. I said:

"What do all your male admirers in America think about your dating an Englishman? Aren't they crying *'unfair'?*"

"Nobody has said a thing to me about it," said Liz although the columns were full of the fact that Stanley Donen was planning an excursion to Mexico to ease his broken heart.

Fencing became monotonous so I decided to take the bull by the horns: "What has Michael Wilding got that American fellows don't have?"

Liz giggled: "An English accent."

"Is that all?"

"Well . . . he's a man."

"Your American beaus are men, too, aren't they?"

"Uh-huh," said Liz . . . then silence.

"Wilding is older than you. Is there any advantage in going with an older man?"

"I don't think of him as an *'older'* man"—her tone put my word older into quotes.

"Is he more considerate of you than younger fellows?"

"I don't know. He couldn't be sweeter. He's a wonderful person."

I wanted to know what their common interests were, aside from music, but Liz was vague: "Oh, just common interests—getting fun out of life. I'm having a wonderful time. Right now, I really am."

"More fun than you've ever had before?" I said.

"Yes, I think so," she replied with great certainty. It was tough digging, trying to strike a vein. "Just why do you prefer Michael to all the others?" I asked. "Oh, I like them *all*," said the diplomat.

We then discussed Stanley Donen—another subject foremost in our minds. Liz knew I had not thought this a good romance for her. She did *not* know, however, that I had suggested to Metro they could kill two birds with one stone by sending Liz to England to work in *Ivanhoe* when Deborah Kerr became pregnant and could not do it. I felt they could get a capable replacement in Liz and, at the same time, get her away from Donen to whom she had turned on the rebound of her divorce from Nick Hilton. I asked her: "When did you fall *out* of love with Stanley Donen?"

"*What,*" cried Liz in amazement, "*is all this talk about love?*"

"Do you know how you got to England?"

"I flew," Liz said facetiously.

When I told her I was responsible for it, she thanked me prettily and hoped I would like the picture. I asked her if she knew my reasons for getting her into *Ivanhoe* and explained it was purely to get her away from Donen and she said:

"*Why?* He's such a wonderful friend."

"I'm as bad as your mother," I explained. "I didn't think he was right for you." I've known this girl since she was a sprout knee high when her mother brought her to my house to sing for me in a piping baby voice. The voice wasn't much but the child was so unbelievably beautiful

Mike Curtiz was sitting alone on the set of a new picture being made and someone said, "You look worried, Mike. What's the trouble?"
"Three things," answered Mike, "the present, past and future."
H. W. Kellick

I knew she was destined to play a big role in life. She started romancing so young that her parents took a hand in things, perhaps not wisely. Her mother did much to break up the Bill Pawley romance. Bill wasn't a millionaire, for one thing, and her mother ambitiously thought her gorgeous child should chalk up a record financially as well as in other ways. By the time Donen entered the picture Liz and her mother were not on speaking terms, so fast had been the romantic pace. She was living in her own bachelor apartment with Peggy Rutledge, a secretary-companion, and was fast becoming a night club figure with the ambitious director. As Donen's wife was in process of divorcing him, he was red-hot in print as Liz's constant escort. He drove her blue car about and friends who dropped in on her informally either found him there, or he telephoned her during their stay. If that isn't romance, Hollywood style, it'll do until the real thing comes along. But to my surprise when I suggested to Liz that she might have married Stanley Donen had she remained here instead of going to England, she said: *"Oh no!"* very decidedly. I told her I knew I was an interfering old friend but I had her good at heart. This brought out an unsolicited statement: *"Hedda, I'm not in love with anybody."*

WELL, love was in the air in England as stories of Liz and Michael's romance were the sole topic in the letters my friends had been writing me when she was making *Ivanhoe.* When her studio brought her back to this country, she pined between dates. In fact her many dates in New York, including those with Nick Hilton, seem to have been for the purpose of keeping her mind busy and off the subject of her absent love. So when Liz made that gratuitous statement "I'm not in love with anybody," (although she was with Michael Wilding at the close range their position as house guests of the Grangers permitted) I looked at it in the logicians way of reasoning: I'm not in love with *anybody,* I'm in love with *somebody,* and came to my own conclusions. I suggested to her that perhaps she was just in love with love.

"Maybe that's it," she answered hopefully, dying to get off the subject now that she was losing control of it.

"If you were free now, this minute, would you marry?"

She slipped back into the old generality: "Some day I hope to marry."

"Will you marry in February?" I persisted.

"I doubt it. I'll still be practically married then."

I had the date of her final decree in mind —Jan. 29th—when I said: "You *will* be free by February?"

"Just," she said, and I could hear the door to her confidence swing closed.

I'd often wondered how this girl felt about her marriage to Nicky Hilton. It had begun so auspiciously. It was the perfect wedding. No one had ever seen such a divinely beautiful bride, such a proud young groom. Back from her European honeymoon floated the tales of her unhappiness—tales of tears and stormy scenes, of a little bride left to sit in a hotel room with a toy poodle while her groom hung over the gaming tables until all hours of the morning. When Liz told it all to a judge seven months after the ceremony, she was wearing one of her trousseau frocks. I wondered then if she wished she'd never left her family roof, never sat in that grey courtroom on a rainy day and told the sordid little story of those seven months while her father, her lawyers, a publicity man and four damp spectators with dripping umbrellas, looked on.

"Have you ever regretted marrying Nicky Hilton?" I asked her.

"I haven't regretted anything I've ever done," was her assured rejoinder.

"Do you think your marriage was a valuable experience?"

"Yes, I do. It helped me a lot."

"In what way?"

"It taught me a lot of things. I learned them early. Maybe it would have been a long time before I learned them . . . it was an unhappy experience . . . I'm sorry it didn't work out."

"Tell me," I said, "if you were advising a young girl, would you advise her to marry when she's 21."

Elizabeth said: "I don't think age has everything to do with it."

When I asked her if she didn't think her youth and inexperience was partly responsible for the breakup of her marriage, she replied:

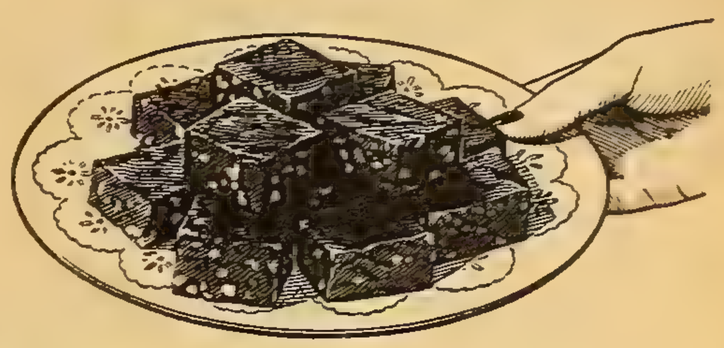
"I'm sure it was: but I don't think you can put down a rule and say you should marry when you're 21."

During the course of our interview I told Liz I was happy to hear she had made up with her mother and I wanted to know if she had met Wilding. "Yes," Liz said, she met him in England, "when we were making a picture there three years ago." There was a time when her mother was convinced she and her daughter felt and thought as one person. Those were the days when Mrs. Taylor was under salary to Metro as Liz' companion and mentor and supervised her contacts and interviews. So far as I could see there was great rapport between them at that time, evidence of love and complete understand-

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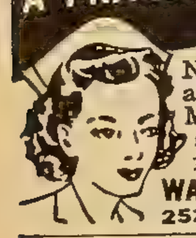
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ing. Often Mrs. Taylor would speak for her daughter; but Elizabeth did not make all her mother's statements come true. Mrs. Taylor had given an interview in Florida in June of 1949 in which she had dismissed the "friendship" of Glenn Davis as just that, had announced an engagement to young Pawley and allowed the press a peep at a three and a half karat diamond engagement ring, but had prophesied her daughter would not marry Pawley before the following spring. By holidaytime the newspapers were writing about Conrad Hilton Jr. "the new fiance" and Elizabeth was married in the spring, but not to Pawley. She married Hilton instead. Somewhere in between that first announcement about Glenn Davis (incidentally he had sent Liz a necklace of pearls from Korea and was en route to visit her in Miami with an engagement ring in his pocket when the Pawley lightning struck) the minds of mother and daughter moved in opposite directions. The teen-ager who had begun to think of life in terms of specially-built cars and mink coats, had developed such high frequency sex-appeal that reporters were inquiring about Stanley Donen when they crowded around her after she was handed her interlocutory decree.

As a studio property, Elizabeth Taylor has been estimated as worth anywhere from 50 to 100 million dollars to the men who make her pictures. Hers is a face with no bad angles, say cameramen. Billy Grady, Metro's casting director, defines the ingredients for stardom as "a compound of beauty and witchery." Well, Liz Taylor certainly has the beauty. She represents in terms of futures a colossal sum to any studio. Michael Wilding as an excellent actor and man of charm is far more easily replaceable to the men who guide his career.

"Do you think an actor would make you a better husband than a businessman or someone out of the profession?" I asked.

She spoke up quickly: "I don't think it matters what a man's profession is. It's what he is himself that matters."

Like other girls in love, Liz wants children but hasn't thought much about it: "I don't know how many . . . I'm not even thinking about that now, I think it's a little premature."

With her typical modesty she shrugged off my suggestion that Donen is carrying a torch for her. When I suggested that is what people are saying around Hollywood she told me: "Don't believe everything you hear." She says Donen and Michael Wilding have met ("We just ran into each other about town, there was nothing planned.") and that it went off very well.

When I asked her if Michael thought she is a pretty good actress I learned to my surprise that he has never seen the object of his affection on the screen:

"Why don't you take him to see you?"

"I don't want to take him." She had no explanation for this beyond a reiterated: "I just don't want to take him." Liz has seen Michael's work in *Lady With A Lamp.* I said: "If you went to see his picture why wouldn't you take him to see yours?"

"That was different," she said patiently. "It was a premiere. It's something you *have* to do. He had to be there so he took me along. Just going to a movie is quite another thing." But Liz finally admitted that Michael has asked to see her in a picture but she's been too busy "having fun" to take him.

I daresay professional beauties grow bored with the steady stream of compliments they must accept and recognize graciously. A girl in such a frame of mind would far rather be told she's "interesting" or "exciting." When I asked her if she found it a disadvantage being one of the most beautiful girls in the world, she said:

"I'm not, so I wouldn't know. Beauty is a matter of individual taste. I think Jean Simmons is the most beautiful girl in this country." When I suggested she and Jean look very much alike she said: "Oh no, I only wish we did." I reminded her that four years ago when she and Jean came to my house they were alike as two peas in a pod and could have passed as sisters since they have the same coloring. Liz agreed about the coloring.

Elizabeth Taylor has never regretted being a movie star. Since she's been in the limelight the greater part of her life, I suppose it would be difficult for her to imagine an existence away from it. But she admits that the fact she is a star *might* have had something to do with the break-up of her marriage, although she added, "It's hard to tell about that."

When I suggested she'd have to skip across the Atlantic if she married Michael because his work is in England, she reminded me that it was only an *"if"* and that there was nothing definite about it.

She has one more year to go on her present contract. She has thought about doing a stage play but nothing definite, thinks perhaps motion pictures are not such hard work. And she found making pictures in England no more difficult than here unless you're shooting outdoors when the weather becomes a hazard. "We brought in *Ivanhoe* under schedule," she told me as evidence of this. She doesn't know if she's good in it because she says, "I haven't seen any of the rushes."

An out-of-town V.I.P., visiting Bob Hope, asked the comedian if he didn't get upset when Bing Crosby topped his gags. "Oh, no," said Bob, "Bing's a good kid. I don't mind his beating me to the paunch!"
Mickey Novak

Although Liz admitted she and Michael and the Grangers had planned a trip to Acapulco she said she expected to spend the Christmas holidays with her family and Michael. During our talk about England we discussed "Little Swallows" the house where she was born. Liz in an impulsive mood, once wanted to buy the entire "Great Swifts" estate but was talked out of it by her advisers. Another time she bought so heavily in the Paris salons she overran her checking account. This girl goes all out when she's interested in anything. She said the Queen of Jugoslavia had her little house now and some Marquis had bought the entire estate she had dreamed of owning. English by birth, Liz loves the country and would be happy to live there: "I've always wanted to go back," she told me.

She would not admit she plans to marry in February but her "I don't imagine so," has no solidity to it. It was a diplomatic murmur by a well-trained actress.

"I bet you'll marry right off, when you're free," I said.

"I might," she conceded, "I don't know, myself, and I'm not going to wager. I'm not a betting woman."

I said: "I'll bet you marry as soon as possible after the 29th. I think you're a gone goose this time."

"You do, huh?"

"Yes, you're in love with love."

"Now that," said Liz, "is my line; I've used it before with you, if you remember."

I said: *"I hope you'll be happy when you marry Michael Wilding."*

"I'll be sure, this time," Liz said, *"I'll know when I marry and I'll be happy."*

THE END

does john agar belong in jail? (yes)

(Continued from page 37) *in his life and rose above it?*

Evidence has piled up that John Agar married Shirley Temple, a schoolmate of his sister's, in order to establish himself in the movies. Infected by the movie bug—it is now known that he was batting around Hollywood as early as 1941, trying to gain a toehold in pictures, and that before that he sang in a Chicago night spot—and probably convinced that he himself needed only the right "breaks" (notice how implicitly the Agar family believes in "breaks"), he decided not to wait the long years necessary for even qualified people to get started in films. Considering that everyone who was anyone in pictures, not to mention the Governor of California, attended his wedding, what a smart decision it must have seemed!

On the subject of his marriage, one magazine, "Shirley Temple, 21st Birthday Album, Prepared Under the Direction of Modern Screen," printed the following. The parenthetical comments are mine:

"Suddenly the question of what to do became very important. . . . It had been understood all along that Shirley would continue in pictures (I'll bet it had!) but that Jack would support the family. How? Well, there was always the meat packing business. . . . Now his mother was in the fashionable dress business, his brothers and sisters were on their own. Was it back to school at 24, and with a wife? . . . David Selznick made a couple of moves. (Goody, goody, just what Jackie was angling for!) Mr. and Mrs. of private life became Mr. and Mrs. on the screen."

As soon as Agar achieved the first iota of recognition, he became indifferent to Shirley; but nothing could hide forever the fact that he had nothing to offer. He drank, and still drinks, because he was and is no good; not the other way around. No one HAS to drink. So much for these high-sounding phrases, "compulsion" to drink, failure to understand said "compulsion," "neurosis," "illness." At the time of her divorce Shirley stated that never again would she marry anyone with movie aspirations.

As for the rest of Shirley's testimony, maybe she could have obtained the divorce saying nothing, in accordance with Standard Operational Practice in Hollywood. But why should the unpleasant facts be hushed up? If she has blazed the trail for authentic divorce complaints and truthful reporting, perhaps it will become at least a bit difficult for these leeches to make a farce and travesty of marriage in order to establish themselves in the movies or to dip into someone else's earnings. Justifiable, honest complaints and the interesting change that the truth would make in the "readin' part" of fan magazines would generate more respect and admiration from the public, too. There must be many members thereof who have washed their hands of Hollywood and its product, because of its casual husband and wife shedding.

Having married a child star for the advantages he hoped would accrue to himself, there remains now only one course open to this "boy" (!): to face the fact that he is not an actor, to get a job and go to work at something he can do, like anyone else.

I do not expect to have to thank Modern Screen *for $100. The frantic, frenzied efforts of someone, either your magazine, an agent, this "Probation Department" Lloyd Shearer mentions, or person or persons unknown, to rationalize and justify John Agar prove conclusively that only a "boo hoo, poor baby" deal will win this prize; but I am sincerely grateful for the invitation to speak. It's been a pleasure.*

Yours very truly,
Elizabeth M. Case
Indianapolis, Indiana

bang went the strings of her heart

(Continued from page 43) declined. "I'm sorry," he explained, "I have an appointment this evening."

Lattimore arranged for Vittorio to meet Shelley the following night. It was a nice meeting. Shelley was struck by his good looks and he was apparently struck dumb by her charm, but this was partly because he couldn't speak English very well.

Vittorio says, "It was not love at first sight. We are too mature for that. But there was, how you say in English, great *rapport* between us, great understanding. I look at Shelley. Shelley look at me. We know we get along. Her blonde hair, her eyes, her figure impress me very much. And her personality. So American. What is on her heart she speaks."

THAT night Vittorio took Shelley to the Pasetto, a restaurant in Rome, and they exchanged autobiographies. Vittorio told her that he'd appeared in 93 stage plays, that he was currently teaching elocution in the Dramatic Academy, that he'd starred with Sylvana Mangano in *Bitter Rice*, and that he would soon go to Spain to star in a new film, *Las Tratas de Blancas* (*The White Slavers*).

Shelley found herself in the relatively strange role of attentive listener. Usually the situation is reversed, but not with Vittorio. His English came slowly. He had to concentrate on every word, and as he spoke, Shelley tried to help him with his limited vocabulary.

In addition to Italian, Vittorio speaks French, German, and Spanish, but Shelley's only language is English, and they had to make that one do.

The following night they began to think they were in love, and there wasn't much talking at all. They dined at the Caballa, a restaurant on the banks of the Tiber River. They danced; they looked into each other's eyes; and then they left the restaurant. Later that night as they walked the streets of Rome, Vittorio told Shelley more of his background. He was born in Genoa of an Italian mother and a German father, he had studied at the dramatic Academy in Rome, he had developed a passion for acting.

He asked Shelley if she'd ever been married, and she told him yes, but it had been one of those hasty war marriages—not nearly a marriage at all—and when the war was over she had been divorced.

Vittorio shook his head a little sadly. It was relatively easy to get a divorce in America, he mused. After all, America was a Protestant country. But in Italy divorce was difficult, almost impossible; a man had to get an annulment.

Shelley looked up at her Vittorio. "Are you married" she asked bleakly.

Vittorio nodded slowly. "Married but separated." And then he told her the whole story. When he was only 20 he met and became infatuated with the daughter of Renzo Ricci, the great Italian actor. They were married very quickly, and two

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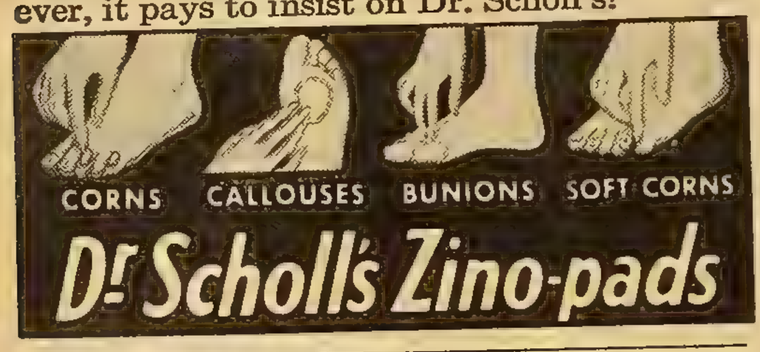
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years later, a girl, Paula, was born. But then the marriage began to dissolve. Vittorio and his wife separated, his wife taking custody of the child. Vittorio threw himself into the theater with all his energy. He played stock, Shakespeare, radio, everything. He was drafted into the Italian army just as the war ended.

Since he hadn't fallen in love with any other girl, he saw no reason for starting long, complicated annulment proceedings. "But now," he said to Shelley, "I know I must be free."

When Shelley left Rome, she was wild about Vittorio Gassmann, and the feeling was mutual.

When Shelley reported back to Universal, she was cast in *Untamed* opposite Joseph Cotten. She tried to concentrate on her work, but Vittorio kept interfering. His letters came regularly.

A few months ago Shelley had imagined herself to be in love with Vince Evans and before that with writer Bill O'Brien, but these affairs paled beside Vittorio.

Finally, Vittorio himself went to the American Consul in Rome and applied for a visitor's visa.

On the application he wrote that Shelley Winters was a friend and business associate and that she would vouch for his financial and moral status, and that under no circumstances would he become a public charge while in the U.S.A.

Then Vittorio bought a round trip ticket on TWA and flew to New York. From New York he flew to Los Angeles and into the arms of his wonderful blonde.

Vittorio stayed in Hollywood for six days, and during those six days, Shelley wouldn't let him out of her sight. She took him on the set with her. She ate with him. She introduced him to her friends, and to most of Hollywood's socialites at the Tyrone Power housewarming. With characteristic frankness she confessed that, "Vittorio is the great love of my life."

How did Vittorio react to all this?

It was his first trip to the United States. It was eventful, exciting, and hectic but he took it in stride. "Tell me," he asked a reporter, "are many girls in America like Shelley?"

The reporter said no, that after Shelley was born, the mold was thrown away. Vittorio looked puzzled, so he and the reporter spent the whole afternoon talking French and Spanish in an effort to understand each other.

Shelley was mildly petulant. "What are those two talking about?" she kept saying. "I don't want them to wander off. Vittorio's liable to say something he shouldn't." Then she'd run up to him and kiss his cheek. "American reporters," she'd explain, "they ask very personal questions. Just talk about your career."

"Do you plan to marry Shelley?" the reporter asked.

Vittorio summoned up most of his English vocabulary. "I do not like even to talk about it," he began, "because when you talk about something very close to you, how you say—sometimes talking destroys the hope."

"But you're in love with her?"

"Si. I'm in love. I love Shelley with all my heart. She has American freshness, but I think European mentality. She has sophisticated view of life."

"When do you plan to get married?"

Vittorio shook his head. He explained that divorce was almost impossible in Italy since the Catholic Church does not recognize it. The only avenue open to him was annulment, which he had already begun to discuss with a lawyer.

"If you marry Shelley," the reporter continued, "will you move to the United States and become an actor here, or will Shelley go back to Italy with you?"

Vittorio smiled. He had spent one week with Shelley in Rome. They had just gotten to know each other, had just fallen in love. They had said very little about marriage. How could he tell truthfully what was going to happen?

"All I know," he explained, "is that I love Shelley and I must return to do a film in Madrid. After that, we see."

At this point, Shelley joined the conversation. "What've you been telling him, darling?" she asked Vittorio. He kissed her. "I have told him that you are a friend and business associate," Vittorio said, and kissed her again.

"Some business," the reporter ad libbed.

"I want you to know," Shelley volunteered, "that Vittorio's going on location with me in Arizona. Then he'll return to Europe. But the minute this picture is over I'm meeting him in Rome."

The reporter said something about the possibility of the studio objecting. After all, she was scheduled for another picture.

"The studio," cried Shelley. "All the time it's the studio. Who cares? Can't you realize that when Vittorio is free I'm going to marry him. This is love, for the first time in my whole life, real love!" She flung her arms around Vittorio's neck, and smacked him soundly on the lips.

A few seconds later, Vittorio turned to the reporter. "Tell me," he said, this time in Spanish, "are there many girls in America like Shelley?"

"If there were," said the reporter, "I wouldn't be standing here." THE END

"somebody loves me"

(*Continued from page 63*) She'll go after the guy with the ruthless enthusiasm of a predatory pirate. Like when she first met Lew Ayres. She liked him, so she asked him for a date.

And another time, when she saw a handsome man in a Chicago bar, she sent the press agent with her to ask him to join them. She married *that* one, Ted Briskin, because he seemed so SOLID. He was—in Chicago. Transplanting him to Hollywood weakened his Hutton appeal.

I believe Ted is still in love with Betty. Who wouldn't be? When this baby loves, this baby gives. And she's hard to forget. Even Norman Krasna—he was trying to re-light the fire two weeks before he married Jolson's widow. He met her at a Milton Pickman party, took her home, and was ready to renew. In fact, Betty refused to believe he was married until Norman's partner, Jerry Wald, confirmed it to her. Then she generously wired Norman congratulations.

Betty is the first to admit she is hard to live with. "I'm impossible when I'm working." But when I mentioned this to O'Curran, he gave that confident masculine smile.

So did Robert Sterling, whom Betty was mad for—for a few weeks. And Pete Rugulo. I saw her several times with Bob and Pete at Palm Springs. There was nothing secret about the rendezvous, or Betty's torrid passion for both men. Each was "The most wonderful man I ever met." But a little time and closer inspection proved to Betty that they didn't have what she was looking for—see the top of this story for what. And add, Financial Security. The latter sounds fantastic when you add up Betty's earning power—a quarter of a million dollars a year. But apart from high taxes and expenses, she's never been able to believe in her good

fortune: she is waiting for the clock to strike 12, then back to the rags and the pumpkin.

Charles has a good job. Paramount has signed him to a well-paying long-term contract. That's where he met Betty, at Paramount, directing her dance numbers in *Somebody Loves Me.* Somebody—Krasna—had just loved and left Betty. Norman—I hope Betty won't mind my telling you—reversed the usual procedure, he wasn't sure that Betty was right for *him.* Betty never talked about it, but this was pure humiliation for the emotional star who was convinced that Norman had all the attributes for the perfect husband—brains, charm, culture, love for her children, and money. I've never seen any woman as hurt as Betty was when Norman reneged and called off the five day engagement. She just naturally fell into O'Curran's anticipatory arms.

They made a romantic rendezvous in Honolulu. Betty went ahead. Charles was to follow after staging some dance numbers at Metro. "But I caught a virus, then had to do another picture. It broke my heart, but I couldn't make the trip," Charles told me, almost in tears. Instead, he met her plane at dawn when she returned, gave her a kiss that shook the airport, took her home and didn't leave her except to work and go home to catch up on sleep. In fact, when someone asked him for his phone number, Charlie said, "And if you can't reach me at home, call me here," and he gave Betty's home phone number.

It was fortunate for Charles that Betty went to Honolulu in the off season. There were positively *no* attractive male visitors on the islands and local talent was simply terrible. But what would have happened to Charlie if Betty had met another guy she could love in Honolulu?

"I slept ten-and-a-half hours every night," said Betty, disappointedly on her return. She needed the rest, was glad of it. But would have preferred a hot romance, and rushing around. So, when Krasna called her in Honolulu, she was delighted. More so when O'Curran called. And when Charles didn't call she called him, sometimes twice a day. But with no tangible male to make whoop de do, Betty was bored, even though she was able to dispense with sleeping pills for the first time in months. She wasn't looking for tranquillity, but she got pineapples instead of parties. It was healthy, but uninteresting. And so she came home.

There's one thing that bothers me with the Betty-Charles situation. I don't think she will ever be happy while she is in control. Charles is too docile. Betty needs a strong man who will take over. But how many men are strong enough for the assignment? Women, the weaker sex, my eye! I've yet to meet a man with the fight and staying power of a girl like Betty.

But like a lot of career girls I know, Betty operates like a man on the love front. I mean when she gets the man she loses interest. And even when she marries him, Betty still wants the freedom that goes with single blessedness. So it will always take a very unusual character to hold this girl's heart.

The question is, can O'Curran? I was a bit startled when I saw him with Betty at the *American In Paris* premiere. Charles wore a lace shirt front! I'm told lace fronts are the current rage in England and maybe this kind of elegance is what Betty craves, but I wouldn't bet on it.

What Betty *does* like about Charles is his lack of jealousy. She had too much of it with Briskin. When he tagged along so unwillingly to Hollywood parties, Ted ruined the fun, always wanting to go home just when Betty was getting into the spirit of things. Nowadays, when Briskin comes to town to see their children, Betty finds a good excuse to be out of town—Palm Springs, Santa Barbara, anywhere, just to avoid taking him to parties. Ted's dates with other girls since the divorce have never fooled Betty. Now he's trying to make *her* jealous.

But there is an important compliment Betty reserves for Ted—he's a wonderful father. And if only he could have supplied emotional and financial security, this marriage, in spite of his other shortcomings, would still be on.

Sometimes I think Betty only wants a father for the kids, rather than a husband for herself. She'd be willing to sacrifice herself for them but that is the wrong foundation for marriage. And any male worth his manhood would resent the abnormal substitution.

Strange, how capable career girls like Betty still want a man to lean on. I believe Betty would even give up her work if a man came along and said, "Little girl let *me* take care of you." "I want someone who can support me," Betty has often told me. "I want to feel like a girl. But the kind of men who have the money don't want someone who is as strong as me."

Krasna is the only one of her men who earned more money than Betty, and this was part of his appeal. She didn't want *his* money, she just didn't want him to want *hers!* But Norman's biggest hit with Betty was when he told her he adored her daughters. He said he wanted to adopt them and would add a wing to his house for them, that she didn't have to worry, *he* would take care of them all. So it turns out, *he* is insecure himself and married millionairess Mrs. Al Jolson!

Betty has always admired "brains" and hoped to marry one. She admits her lack of schooling. She has had to work for a living since she was 14, and one of her dreams still is to graduate from high school. "But what I didn't have myself, I want for my children," Betty states with all her heart and longing in the sentence. "I want the kids to have some roots and tradition." This is one reason why Betty recently made a clean sweep of all the furniture in her rambling house in Brentwood. She sold all the modern pieces, her earlier taste, at auction, and replaced them with beautiful antiques—"the kind of furniture that could have been inherited," says Betty respectfully.

O'Curran speaks Betty's language. The question is, does he speak any others? He's a compliant companion for her, but doesn't reveal any special mental assets in conversation. To date Charlie hasn't bought Betty any expensive gifts. But presents only represent a symbol of security to Betty, and do not weigh as much with the girl he loves as his kindness to her children, five-year-old Lindsay, and three-and-a-half-year-old Candy. He buys them puppets, teaches them dance steps, is gay and gives a "man-in-the-house" atmosphere to mama and daughters.

But even if Betty is now married to Charles, and if not Charles, to another man she believes will be good to have around, the girls will never call him "Daddy." When Briskin read in my column that Krasna wanted to adopt his children, he blew a coast-to-coast gasket, called me to say "He'll have to wait ten years after I'm dead, and not even then."

Now you can see why Betty has problems! But they'll be less if she lowers her sights a trifle. No man has everything, and the only way to get something is to compromise. Betty deserves a good guy. But a girl has to give, too. The best marriage is a partnership. THE END

(Betty Hutton is now in Paramount's The Greatest Show on Earth.—*Ed.)*



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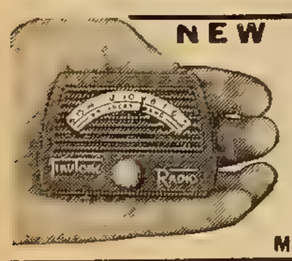
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up in brady's place

(*Continued from page 60*) Kelly, and Van Johnson all got their start at Metro. When Johnny came over to the Tierney place one afternoon and told Scott that his chances of working regularly seemed pretty fair, Scott approached Mom with the revolutionary idea of moving out.

"What would you say, Mom," he asked, "if I rented a small bachelor deal some place and gave you an extra room?"

Like the truly understanding mother she is, Mrs. Tierney smiled her consent. "Roddie, I always want you to do what will make you happy."

"I think that's it, Mom."

So they kissed and after that Scott called Joe Zboran, his stand-in, and the two fellows met and piled into Scott's convertible. They drove out Sunset Boulevard in the direction of Westwood. On his way to the studio a few weeks before, Scott had seen a group of partly finished apartment buildings in the vicinity. The one that struck his fancy was a job with wrought-iron balconies. Each apartment in the building had its own entrance so that it seemed like a small separate house. In addition, a private patio came with each apartment, and they were all large, sunny, and unfurnished.

Scott left a $20 deposit on a three-room job—living room, bedroom, and kitchen. There was also a terrace that came with the place, and Scott felt this was a necessity because where are your friends going to hang around when the living room gets jammed up?

Apparently, furnishing a home was a subject Scott had been thinking about for some time. In his indirect, half-scoffing manner, he'd been studying homes in Hollywood. The two he admired most belonged to Johnny Darrow and Chuck Walters, the MGM film director. Both places had been decorated by a versatile young designer named Paul Fox.

It so happens that Fox is one of these generous characters who spends his spare time helping his friends furnish their homes. His regular job is chief set director at 20th Century-Fox, where he's been responsible for much tasteful decor, especially in such films as *Laura, Elopement, Let's Make It Legal,* and half a dozen others.

As soon as he signed his apartment lease, Scott Brady called on Paul Fox.

"Paul," the actor began, "I've just . . ."

Fox held out his hand. "Don't tell me. Let me guess." They surveyed the apartment, and Paul agreed that the simple, open-floor plan would lend itself perfectly to modern furnishings.

"Anything you say is okay with me," Scott said flatly. "I just want you to furnish the place completely. And remember that I'm broke."

In the large main room, Paul used a lot of beige and brown. The carpet, draperies and upholstery are all beige and the wooden pieces are done in natural blond finish so as not to show the dust. Fox believes that a monochrome room is not only basically masculine but much more restful and easier to live in than one that's jumping with color.

He's not completely anti-color, however, which is why the upholstery on the dining room chairs is burnt orange, and a very vivid Braque painting hangs over the couch. Actually the Braque is a copy. It was painted by a studio man who specializes in copying famous art treasures.

Paul's reason for placing it so conspicuously is because, "Scott instinctively likes good paintings without knowing a thing about art. The room needed one important picture and since the guy couldn't afford an original at this point, I gave him the next best thing, a good reproduction."

"I like the painting," Scott says, "because it isn't too pretty. It also arouses a lot of criticism, and I like to hear what my friends think about it."

Scott also owns several small originals done by a promising local artist named John Morris. He puts on an act of not caring very much about them, and he says he hung them just to fill up wall-space, but the truth is that he chose them because basically they're abstract, and that's the sort of stuff that appeals to him.

HAVING decorated a number of bachelor homes, Paul Fox has some definite opinions about men versus women's taste in home decorating. He thinks men are less afraid to try new ideas and will follow their own predilections in the face of custom and convention. Scott, for example, chose black wrought-iron furniture for the dining room. It's tough and durable and very easy for a bachelor to maintain. And yet, relatively few single girls would approve of iron furniture indoors.

Similarly, Scott's lamp table is a piece of accoustical board set in a wooden frame. This sort of material is normally used to soundproof ceilings, but Scott didn't care. He found it stylish and practical. He also okayed two easy chairs and a foam-rubber couch without arms. "They make sense to me," he says.

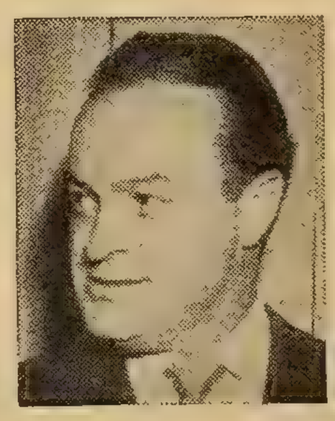
Because of the deep yellow bedspread and draperies, he calls the bedroom "My Gold Room," but this doesn't prevent him from tossing his clothes around helter skelter. Brady is the kind of man who just lets his clothes drop off when he heads for bed. He does keep his dresser drawers neat, however. "One of the nicest things about living alone," he points out, "is that there's no one to yell at me."

Just the other evening, Scott had his brothers and a couple of pals in for steaks before the Thursday-Nite poker session got underway. As the boys were sitting around, letting their dinner settle, Eddie observed that the apartment was just about perfect. "This is a pretty nice joint," the kid brother volunteered. "All it needs now is a woman's touch."

Scott shook his head. "Listen, kid," he said. "If there's anything I've learned in this racket, it's to leave well enough alone. Stop being a marriage broker, and go get the chips. You'll find them in the oven." THE END

(*You can see Scott Brady now in his latest 20th film,* The Model And The Marriage Broker.—*Ed.*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When we were at Paramount Studios collecting autographs, we noticed a small boy collecting the cowboys' autographs. As Bob Hope came out of the studio, the little boy asked his mother if he was a cowboy. His mother replied that he wasn't, but that the boy should ask for his autograph anyway. After Mr. Hope walked on we noticed that the boy's autograph reads: "Kindest regards from (Bob) Hopalong Cassidy."

Judy Kapler
Los Angeles, California

too hot to handle

(*Continued from page 54*) 20th Century publicity department a bad case of the whim-whams. She has an utter lack of self-consciousness about her figure and she has a genius for falling into poses which flirt with the Johnston office regulations. Marilyn is perfectly conscious of her conduct in front of a camera. In fact, the five years she spent working as a top pin-up model around Hollywood gives her a big advantage over most of the starlets who are totally incapable of putting one foot in front of the other gracefully until years after they've made their mark on the screen.

Some notice has also been taken of the slinky, undulating way that Marilyn walks, even when she is hurrying across the lot to her dressing room. Secretaries watching her from their office windows might consider this walk a trifle affected. But not the men. From carpenters to top producers—they stop, turn, and watch her as she ambles down the company street.

On the set, Marilyn, with no special effort, attracts the attention of every male. Executives stop to pass the time of day with her. Grips come around frequently to make sure that her chair is comfortable and well situated. Magazine photographers visiting the set invariably make a few candid shots of Marilyn and then stand around talking as long as they possibly can. Quite understandably, this kind of popularity often irritates other women on the set. In fact, it would have taken an icepick to break the chill that existed during the filming of RKO's *Clash By Night*, which Marilyn recently completed for Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna. People on the set considered it a real talky day when the star, Barbara Stanwyck, said much more than "Good morning" to Marilyn. The most obvious reason: There was always a cluster of people around Marilyn's dressing room every minute of every day.

MARILYN'S tremendous sex appeal would have little meaning in her career if she had no acting ability to accompany it. But even her severest critics admit that she has more than acquitted herself in her first few screen roles. She gave an individual and striking performance in *The Asphalt Jungle*. In *All About Eve*, she was the memorable dumb blonde. From all advance reports, her work in *Clash By Night* promises to back up the overwhelming wave of publicity she has received during the past year. Apparently, her own studio thinks so, too. They've cast her in her first leading role, opposite Dick Widmark, in *Don't Bother To Knock*, and have plans for giving her a star buildup in 1952. At the moment, they couldn't be worried less about her frank appeal to men. There's plenty of reason to believe that if Marilyn becomes a talented and versatile actress, she will soon command a large feminine audience as well.

In Hollywood, girls seeking a film career achieve recognition in many ways. Marilyn was no overnight wonder. Orphaned when she was still a small child, she was forced to develop a hardy form of self-reliance early in life. She spent her childhood in a series of foster homes, and of necessity, kept most of her dreams to herself. At that time none of them included a film career. It wasn't until she was 17, a divorcee, and one of the busiest models in Hollywood that she thought of acting. As a model, she got lots of comment on her looks, with the advice, "You ought to be in pictures." Pretty soon she started to study dramatics.

By living at the Hollywood Studio Club and keeping her expenses down to the barest essentials, Marilyn was able to join a little theater group. For nearly two years, she paid for her dramatic lessons by doing every photographic modeling job in sight. She also modeled bathing suits, demonstrated merchandise in department store windows, and appeared on an occasional TV show. Even with this whirlwind schedule, Marilyn was unable to keep up with her expenses and for awhile she had to play a running game of hide-and-seek with the finance company in order to hang on to her inexpensive car. To be seen by the right people, Marilyn attended a number of cocktail parties and more than once, she gave the canape table a frightful working over because she was hungry and too broke to eat after she left the party.

Fortunately, Marilyn had a few staunch friends who helped her over these lean days. One of these people was Lillian Burns, drama coach at MGM, who after working with Marilyn for a few months, advanced her small sums to help with her dramatic lessons. Of all the young people Miss Burns has helped over the years, none more completely justified her faith than Marilyn, who began repaying her the week after she signed her contract at 20th. Another true friend was Marilyn's late agent and advisor, Johnny Hyde, who worked hard to get her another break after she had been dropped by Columbia and later, by 20th. When Johnny died last year, Marilyn lost one of the most influential guiding forces in her life.

BECAUSE of her intense preoccupation with learning her craft well, Marilyn frequently is the source of amusement to hardened Hollywoodites. "While Marilyn was over here," says an RKO publicity man, "she went around speaking to everyone with vibrant, pear-shaped tones. I'm sure that if a stranger had overheard her he would have said, 'What a phony blonde!' But actually, she was simply taking advantage of every off-stage opportunity to train her voice in normal conversation."

At the moment, Marilyn is studying the Stanislavsky method of acting, and she is inclined to be a little hammy when she is around people whom she likes and trusts, because she feels they will understand.

There was considerable snickering a few months back when Marilyn began showing up at the studio with volumes of poetry and philosophy tucked under her dainty arm. One day when she toted a heavy edition of Spinoza to work with her, a fellow actor took it from her, hefted it a few times, and cracked, "Isn't that an awfully heavy book to use for balancing on your head, honey?" "What're you doing with that thing—pressing flowers?" was another typical comment. The last thing anyone would have suspected was that she might be reading it. Which indeed she was, with admitted difficulty and little understanding, as a part of the philosophy and literature courses she's taking at UCLA. Marilyn recently told a columnist who asked her about her studies, "I don't mind if people think I'm a dumb blonde, but I dread the thought of *being* a dumb blonde."

MARILYN'S formal academic education ended when she left high school to marry at the age of 16, and by her own admission, her desire for learning had been pretty listless for a couple of years prior to her marriage. Now that she has won at least a toehold on economic security, Marilyn realizes that she is totally lacking in the cultural knowledge which most people in the movie industry take for granted. During the next two years, she intends to fill this gap in her life with



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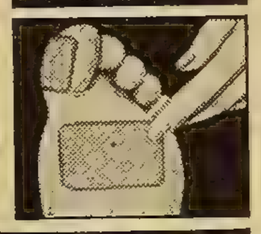
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Although she is as friendly as a pup with her studio associates, Marilyn is introverted, moody, and withdrawn in her personal life. She rarely goes out on dates or is seen in nightclubs. "I'm just beginning to get my first really good parts," she explains, 'and I don't want to spoil anything."

For the past few months, she's been living in a rented guest house in Beverly Hills, not far from the 20th Century-Fox studios. She gets up early every morning and startles the neighbors by trotting up and down the alley a few times in a pair of old blue jeans and a sweat-shirt. This morning workout, supplementing the rigorous pursuit of her career, is all the exercise Marilyn figures she has to have.

Most evenings she stays home with an album of classical music on her bedside record player and Spinoza propped up on her ample bosom. On nights when heavy reading gets too heavy, Marilyn samples a random handful of the fan mail which arrives at her house by the car-load. The majority of it comes from men and contains countless proposals of marriage, or rapturous eulogies about her beauty. Although Marilyn has been hearing this kind of appreciation most of her adult life, she never tires of it. But Marilyn will never be completely happy until the day she receives a letter which begins, "Dear Miss Monroe: I just saw your picture on the cover of the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' and I would like to tell you . . ."

Her tremendous impact as a man's kind of woman is likely to put that day off for quite some time. But if Marilyn keeps trying, anything can happen. THE END

m. s. party of the year

(*Continued from page 50*) soaking them up with sunshine, and if you'll just pass me one of those waiters, I'll soak it up too."

Right then and there, the party picked up to the tune of jalops and Cadillacs splashing their way to Ciro's front door.

"THAT was a good idea—your framing the Award Citations right at the entrance," Tony Curtis exclaimed. "I think I'll stand next to mine all evening long, and Janet can stand next to hers. Makes a nice family thing of it, don't you think?"

Photographers Bert Parry and Bob Beerman did think, so they took a half dozen pictures. Matter of fact, all together they took more than a half a hundred along with standby, Walt Davis.

No sooner had they finished with two dozen color photos of Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis, who were obviously not trying to hide the glow they felt toward each other, than the Mitchums arrived.

"Mind if we shoot?" Bert asked Mrs. Bob Mitchum. "Not at all," she exclaimed. "There are really three of us, and I may not be the perfect maternity-dressed wife of 1951, but go ahead anyway." (The baby is due in February.)

The moment June Haver and Dan Dailey arrived a ten-second hush fell over the room while everybody looked and speculated as to whether this might not be Hollywood's most exciting new romance.

June and Dan wouldn't admit a thing. "We're in a picture together," Dan explained "—and who can tell what's going to happen?" Who can? It's hard to say, but all of a sudden columnists stopped mentioning June and that Texas oil millionaire, and for a solid week afterwards, nobody saw Dan in public anywhere without June.

This year's party could certainly have had hearts and flowers as the theme song. Esther Williams, who has barely missed winning the top feminine popularity award three years running now, and by a handful of votes, held hands with her husband, Ben Gage, most of the evening.

Then there was Doris Day, who not only joined the top ten but won a special award as the most popular feminine singer of songs. She was so happy, arriving in the company of her less-than-a-year-husband, Marty Melcher, that she positively outshone the spotlights.

Some of the other "long marrieds" among the younger stars included the John Lunds, the Keenan Wynns, the Larry Parks (whose table was visited by almost everyone who showed up), the Dana Andrews, Van Heflins, Mr. and Mrs. "Reconciled" Jeff Chandlers, the Marshall Thompsons, the Rand Brooks and several dozen others who have conquered the "be a star and and stay married" problem. That die-hard bachelor, Scott Brady, brought with him an exciting new screen discovery, Suzan Ball, who's been working with him at Universal-International. Privately they admitted to friends that they both were "playing the field."

The best comment made about all the lovely girls came from Edgar Bergen whose wife is so beautiful she almost breaks the law. Said Edgar, "I'm glad I left Charlie McCarthy home. It isn't that the rain would swell his joints. I just know he'd sprain his wooden neck trying to ogle all the girls at once."

Nobody voted for the most handsome guy at the party, but you readers would have had a tough time deciding between those newcomers, Rock Hudson (who spent most of his evening talking to Joyce Holden) and Dale Robertson, who this year won the most popular newcomer award. They created almost as much excitement as Gene Autry would have if he and Mrs. Autry had arrived aboard Champion. (Even though they didn't, Gene, in the latest cowboy sartorial splendor, attracted a lot of attention.)

Well sure, there had to be a disappointment or two— Debbie Reynolds, our most popular girl newcomer, was out on personal appearances, and couldn't get home in time. Liz Taylor was heart-throbbing around New York and Mario Lanza was temporarily bedded down with a virus attack. (Although he did rise up on one elbow to accept the most popular male singer award on Louella Parsons' Sunday broadcast.)

There were so many guests we'd like to rave about. Like Ginny Simms, prettier than ever, our always favorite Joan Evans, Ken Tobey, the Pete Hansons, Yvette Dugay, Patricia Ann Harding and her lovely grandma; Joanie Taylor, the Donald O'Connors, and at least 50 others, including those wonderful dancers, Marge and Gower Champion, petite Pier Angeli, Bob Wagner, and the popular columnist, Sid Skolsky. There just isn't space in this issue.

Perhaps Sheilah Graham said it for everyone when she looked around the star-packed room and exclaimed, "One really amazing thing is that in this complete cross-section of Hollywood I don't see one bit of jealousy. Every actor in the world loves to be popular with the public. BUT, when it comes to MODERN SCREEN award time, the losers are always right there, cheering the winners."

And to that, the editors of MODERN SCREEN can only add, "You said it!" and, "Come back next year!" THE END

does john agar belong in jail? (no)

(Continued from page 37) *the things some people want, but can't obtain. I think this has been the case with John Agar. He is being made an example of. He is the symbol that has been set up to show everyone that the famous can be persecuted as well as the unfamous. The rich can be jailed as well as the poor, and that justice is equal for all.*

I have just one thing to say in regard to that. Nuts! If we are going to start prosecuting famous people as examples, why not start with some of the outstanding bad examples of Christian living that reside in the Hollywood district? If we are out "to get" the movie stars because of jealousy or petty thinking, let's start with some of the seven-time divorcees. Let's start with some of the abandoned children's parents. Let's start anywhere that there is a good cause to start. Not with a mere drunken driving charge.

Jail is not a cure for emotional upsets. If so, everyone would have to put in time at one prison or another during their lives. Some of us can face life and its disappointments better than others, and some of us need lots of help from experienced people—doctors, psycho-analysts, etc. Putting an emotionally upset individual into prison because he can't find the right way of life at the time we say he should, can't be the answer to the problem. Especially, when the individual has already made obvious efforts to start on the road to good living.

No, I for one do not think John Agar belongs in jail. Rather, I think he deserves the chance to continue his fight to gain stardom on his own merits, and to gain the happiness of life that should be his. I hope that as soon as this unhappy incident is over, he and Loretta can find that happiness, and that his memory of justice in the United States won't be too black. As for his career, I don't think that the average intelligent movie-goer would ever hold a drunken-driving charge against a fine actor, with a lot of spunk and personality.

Here's wishing John Agar lots of luck and happiness.

Sincerely,
Barbara Archer
Chicago, Illinois

there is no jeff chandler

(Continued from page 47) him lies in his analytic, introspective mind. Don't let the camera fool you, he's much more than a handsome hunk of man. In fact, his being so ruggedly tall (six-feet-four) has been a sore spot for him.

"Height and bigness are associated with strength," he says. "If a smaller guy picks on you and you don't accept the challenge, you're yellow. If you lick him, you're a bully. If he licks you, you're a schnook. And I've been taken by smaller guys, particularly when I was much younger and not so well coordinated."

One Saturday night, when Jeff was in summer stock on Long Island, the company went to a restaurant for coffee. The guy who chose to pick on Jeff was of average height. He was also quite tight. He began taunting Jeff for being a "bum actor." "He hadn't even seen the show," Jeff says, "so how did he know?" Jeff didn't want to fight, he doesn't like to, but he was talked into it. He leveled the guy and felt very sick.

The amazing thing about Jeff Chandler is that he began life with one desire—the desire to make the whole world love him. This is, he says, the reason for almost all of his mistakes. It is also why he is an actor.

Now he thinks he's growing up emotionally. He's learning that he can't devote his life to making people like him. Some people will, some won't. "When you try too hard for the love of your fellow man," Jeff says, "you do ridiculous things. You spread yourself so far with emotion that you reach the point of frustration."

Even though he realizes the truth of this, Jeff was devastated by something that happened recently. He was on location at Port Eustis, Virginia, for *The Red Ball Express*. You know about the demands of a location trip. Up at five-thirty A.M., back after sundown dead beat. So when the switchboard operators at his hotel advised him that calls were pouring in, he told them to use their own discretion about which ones to put through.

Well, one day a letter came to him at the hotel. It was from a girl who said she had tried to call him. All she wanted was to hear his voice on the telephone. That was all. It was little enough, wasn't it, since the letter said, "you mean more to me than anybody"? But she was told he was "too busy," and now she was through with him.

Jeff wanted to call her at once, but her name was not in the telephone book. He wanted to write to her, but there was no return address on the note. It bothered him all during the making of the movie. It still bothers him, because, he said, "she may be losing faith in people. She mustn't. For this reason Jeff answers his own fan mail as much as possible. "I'm way behind," he says, "but I like to do it. I like to put my own stuff down on paper."

He's the brooding kind, the thoughtful type who hurts easily and who doesn't make a move without first thinking it through. Listen to the story of his separation from and his return to Marjorie Hoshelle, the girl he met in 1941. Jeff was appearing in stock at the time. She was in a neighboring company. Five years later, after he had done a four-year stint in the Army, he married her. She is the mother of his two daughters, Jamie, four, and Dana, two.

Marge is tall and good-looking, with skin like a baby's. She is unaffected, intelligent, exuberant. They seemed, as the song writers put it, meant for each other.

Everyone thought they were completely happy until the day a publicity girl at U. I. went out on the set to see Jeff about an interview appointment. He was just sort of wandering around the set. The girl knew that Marge was in New York for a visit. "What do you hear from Marge?" she asked.

"Nothing," Jeff said. "We've separated."

The publicity girl forgot she would have to give the story to the press. She thought only how much she liked these two people. "I'm sorry," she said. Then she added, "But don't do anything hastily. If you've quarrelled or something . . . well, lots of people do . . . but wait a little while."

"It wasn't a quarrel," Jeff said. "It's been coming on a long time."

What causes a separation that has been "coming on for a long time?" It's nothing and it's everything, it's the way two personalities blend or don't blend.

Jeff underplays everything, always fear-

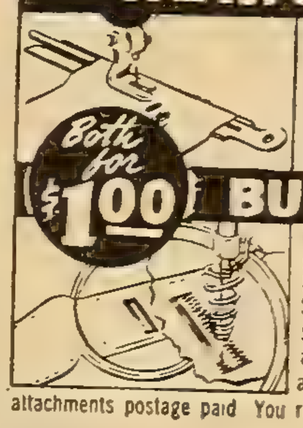
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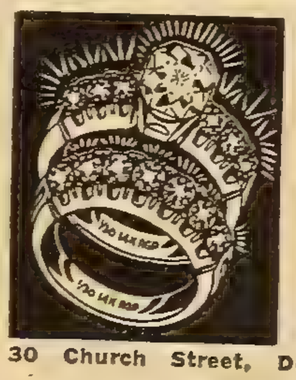
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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW

ful of too much talk about a good thing. This isn't Marge's way. When Jeff was given the role of Cochise in *Broken Arrow*, he knew it might be the turning point of his career. It was a great establishing role. And for Jeff to have the part was Marge's dream, too. Jeff came home and told her very matter-of-factly that he had the part.

"That's marvelous!" she said, spilling over with delight. "What did the director say?"

"He said he thought I'd be good for the part," Jeff told her.

Marge was disappointed. "Was that *all?*" And then, her enthusiasm returning, "Well, what did *you* say?"

"I said, 'Thank you.'"

Now this is not a story you tell to the judge. This isn't even one small ground for divorce. But it had to do with conflicting personalities, with Jeff's subconscious guilt because he was an up-coming star and Marge was not. It had to do with Marge's living vicariously through Jeff the career she might have had.

Jeff would come home at night from the studio, upset, maybe. He would sit, meditating, working out the problem. And Marge would ask, "Something wrong?"

"No. Nothing." For Jeff must figure out the deal before he can talk about it.

"Is it anything I've done?"

"No."

It all adds up day by day and the two people separate because they have placed a false interpretation upon the actions of the other.

THEY talked sensibly about the children. Would a divorce hurt them? Jeff was a child of divorce. So was Marge. What scars had his parents' divorce left on Jeff? He tried to analyze it and "didn't know for sure." He knew that he wanted his children to "be as close to normal as possible. Whatever they really need I hope they'll achieve." He and Marge had tried to bring the children up "by the book." But, Jeff said, "Marge and I are not qualified since we don't know where the norm is." He decided that a divorce would not hurt the children. It might change what they were or, rather, what they were to become, but it would not hurt them.

During the seven months Jeff and Marge were separated he saw her and the children often. He helped her move into a new house. And when it came time for the Academy Awards presentation he took her to the big event. He was advised against this. It would, his advisers said, only cause more newspaper comment. The questions would be asked, "Are they back together again?" "If not—why not?" And "What about Ann Sheridan?" But Jeff had been nominated Best Supporting Player for his work in *Broken Arrow*, and he could not, he said, take anybody but Marge. "She has shared so much with me," he said. "This will mean so much to her—almost more to her than it does to me. I couldn't take anyone else. I want to take her."

Had you met Jeff Chandler during the time he was without Marge you would not have known him for the man he really is. This guy who loves people and wants people to love him dug a hole for himself and crawled in. He lived in his dressing room at the studio—and this was almost symbolic, for it was Jeff's success and the problems encumbent upon it that had come between them. And it was at the studio where he set out to solve his most vital personal problem.

When he needed companionship he sought the company of men. Men like to be with Jeff, they like to talk with him. Howard Duff, Tony Curtis, Gordon MacRae are but a few of his men friends. And

CHAIR, I LOVE YOU

While I was pregnant, I went wacky on the subject of furniture. Before that, I'd just buy anything and do it over myself. But suddenly I craved furniture, as some girls crave food. Having nothing to do all those months, I haunted antique shops and fell wildly in love with a certain Windsor chair. The price was awful. I told Pat about it.

"Gosh," said Pat, "that doesn't make sense. And you'll find something else you'll like just as well."

It didn't *make sense. But neither did I. Every day I'd go over and just sit in the chair. When I got home from the hospital, there it stood in my room with a big pink bow on it.*

"The woman was closing out," said Pat. "Cut the price in half. Said she didn't want anyone else but you to have it."

I've got a definite hunch he'd have bought it anyway!—Mona Freeman

then there was Ann Sheridan. In order to understand why she filled a gap in Jeff's life you must understand Ann. She's such a good Joe, ready with laughs, ready with sympathy when needed. She's the kind of girl who talks man's talk to a man. But, except for a few parties which he attended alone, he had no social life.

Jeff had to think it out alone. He had to, as he said, "Get a re-evaluation of everything in my life. It was a period of learning. I could have gone through with a divorce and found a kind of life and achieved a degree of happiness. There is no *one* direction a life has to go in. But then I began to analyze, to draw the line between *need* and *want*. There are many things we want. There are fewer things we need. And the things we need are harder to search out."

And once he had worked this out, alone in a small dressing room in the big studio, he knew what his need was.

He and Marge went to Arrowhead Springs for a three-day celebration. There was something to celebrate. They were back together again. As they were driving toward the Springs Jeff started thinking about something that had happened. He started thinking out a business problem the way he used to before the separation. Marge grew silent, too. And Jeff realized he was doing it again. So he told her what was in his mind. And their getting together again was as simple as that.

Of Marge, Jeff says. "This is a great girl."

There are those who say that the seven months changed Jeff. But that isn't quite true. Actually, they only served to crystallize what he is. In those seven months he put his thoughts all together in one place.

Look into Jeff's eyes and you'll learn a great deal about him. They are sad eyes yet there has been no great tragedy in his life. But he has experienced tragedy since he has the power of empathy. Empathy is, according to the dictionary, "imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another being." All good actors use this when they are playing a role. But Jeff carries it away from the set with him into life so that he has experienced emotionally much that he has not experienced actually. It is this power that gives him his sympathy for, his understanding of, other human beings.

He has great intellectual curiosity. He says, "I hate the fact that I'm not going to be here forever to watch how every-

thing comes out." He is learning constantly and he wants to learn.

It is interesting to note that people who want to live forever, as Jeff does, do not require much sleep. Jeff does just fine on six hours. No matter how late he goes to bed he is up at seven because, he says, "there are so many things to do." When he and a friend had their own stock company he slept almost not at all from Sunday until Wednesday. They would close a show on Sunday and start preparing for another which meant learning lines, rehearsing, constructing sets and painting scenery. If Jeff managed an hour in bed out of the 24 he was lucky. Marge likes to sleep and needs sleep. This doesn't bother Jeff any more.

He used to have terrible dreams, but those awful nightmares were compensated for by the wonder of waking up. "It's great to wake up from a bad dream," he says. But the bad dreams do not come so often now, which is, of course, part of maturity and security. When his children occasionally cry out in the night he knows what they are experiencing. He knows their fear dreams are a part of every child's insecurity.

JEFF has been doing research on maturity. Take, for example, his angers. He is annoyed with people who do not do a job as well as he thinks it can be done. And that includes anybody—even the children. When Jamie was two and first sat at the table with him and Marge, Jeff expected her to use her knife and fork as well as they did and not to spill anything. He was annoyed when she behaved like anything less than an adult. "But I'm better about that now," Jeff says. "I have learned that she must learn and that I must not impose my adult ideas on her infant mind."

His angers are sudden and explosive even though it takes a lot to get the big man mad. He used to smoulder until the moment his rage caught fire. But unless he could blow his top immediately in front of the person who had made him furious he did not blow his top at all. He could not carry the anger. The difference between then and now is that he does not smoulder. He laughs and admonishes himself, "Forget it."

But the thing that still makes him wild is the person who tells him what he is thinking. "I know what I'm thinking and the other person doesn't. I can't take it when I say something and the other person says, "That isn't what you mean at all."

This really gentle man reacts so violently because this attitude has cost him friendships. (And remember, he's the guy who wants the whole world to love him.) For example, he was talking once to an older friend of whom he was very fond. They were talking about acting. Jeff was trying to explain how he felt. The other man said, "You don't mean that at all. *This* is how you feel." And he told Jeff how he should feel.

Jeff was burning. "Don't you tell me what I mean and what I don't mean. Just because I'm younger doesn't mean I don't have a mind of my own. A mind of my own and a mind I know." End of friendship. He is sorry about it, but that's how he is and he cannot change. This antipathy is one of his few violences. Marge knows this and never tells him that he may be saying one thing and meaning another.

So much for his angers. His joys? A job well done—whether by himself or by someone else. And the well done job means not only his work on the screen but the job of living a good life. His greatest joy occurs when he has learned something or conquered a fault. The other day he was beaming, "I got real happy today," he said. "The kids did everything I asked them to do not because I, the great big father, commanded, but because I asked them in an appetizing way."

Then there is the case of his procrastination. He understands it and it goes a long way back. His mother was, he says, a "do-nower." She did not nag him, but whatever had to be done had to be done at once. The boy over-reacted by rebellion. As a result if Marge says today, "You know, Jeff, you should fix that window," it puts off the chore by a week. Or he used to. He is learning to control the rebellion. "I bring some humor to bear," he says. "I remember she has asked me because the window needs fixing and not because she's trying to drive me." And this, by the way, is another thing Jeff got straight during the seven months of being alone.

It was for psychological reasons that Jeff wanted to be an actor. It was, he said, "a defense against voids. Maybe I was seeking the love I lost not being with my father when I was a boy. Ninety percent of all actors, I think, use their art as a substitution for something missed earlier."

Success has given him confidence and security. "I'd be a big schnook if I didn't have more confidence now," he says. But success almost had a bad effect on him. "It's a matter of leisure," he explained. "You've got time to think. You have the freedom to think and sometimes that can be bad. When you're not worrying about how to pay the rent you explore—looking for the things you want rather than the things you need. You lose sight of the real values and start believing you're leading an unsatisfactory life."

No, he is not a typical movie star, yet when he walked into the Universal commissary just after he was signed for *Sword In The Desert,* every woman in the place sat up and took notice. A studio executive recently summed up his appeal. "The women in the audience never feel they can mother Jeff. Women from eight to 80 realize he has sex appeal. But they never think of Jeff as 'my boy.' They think of him as 'my guy'."

You cannot mother Jeff because the core of him is strong. Yet he is not predatory. He is not detached and cold. He is not, actually, sophisticated. He has an inner warmth. He likes more than he dislikes. His and Marge's idea of a good time is to visit and be visited by friends. Lots of friends. He is not in any sense "on the make." He doesn't have to be.

His face belies his character but his voice does not. Listen to the voice and you'll know him. His voice is full of pity and sympathy for mankind. That's Jeff Chandler. It's nice to know he does exist.

THE END

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